

Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton

1967

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# Per Annos

June 1967



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# Editorial

## A Little Joy — A Little Sorrow

“A little joy to match the sorrow of each day's growing”

I am sure that this quotation is familiar to every girl in King's Hall. How many times have we stumbled over the words trying desperately to remember the next phrase? Have you ever really stopped to consider its meaning and how it could be applied to your life?

Every day we grow a little, not just physically but mentally too. As we study each subject day by day our minds open to the world and the many “why's” and “how's” of our existence. Although we are enlightened by these daily discoveries we are also saddened at leaving our imaginative and “silly” childhood ideas behind, replaced by those more realistic ones. We discover that being grown-up is slightly less glamorous than we thought it would be. Life is not just a sunny day as it might have seemed when we were young and had nothing better to do than play all day. We have discovered that a better sense of responsibility is necessary. We have to remember the people around us and consider their feelings and thoughts. Sometimes things do not go smoothly and people seem against one; this too is a part of growing.

In spite of this we have our “fun” days also and many, many carefree, happy moments. Our friends, a hike, a job well done, a special word of praise — all help to fill our memory boxes with thoughts to pull out and smile upon in the future.

Soon each one of us will have to decide what university, college, or school for special training we will attend, what courses we will take, and what career we would like best. Another part of growing up is realizing that we must leave some place or something we have grown to love in order to attain a higher goal and to make a contribution to the world. Thus we grow with “a little joy, a little sorrow,” and too quickly has come the time when we must leave King's Hall. We shall leave with a sigh as we remember the good times, but with a smile as we face our future days.

“And so, good-morrow”

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I should like to thank the Staff advisers — Miss Morris, Miss MacLennan, and Miss Britton — for their unfailing aid in selecting material for this magazine. Thanks to Miss Morton, also, for helping the artists who contributed to the magazine, and for the use of the art room and materials. Many of the Staff, too, gave up valuable time to type articles so that the magazine could be published on time. A very special thanks to each one of them.



Miss Gillard

King's Hall,  
Compton, Que.  
May 1, 1967.

Dear Girls:

In this, Canada's Centennial Year, I feel that the theme of my letter to you should be a very special one. In the course of the years, however, I seem already to have touched on most subjects.

A few weeks ago a parent mentioned that during the holidays she had tried to persuade her son and daughter to read the Royal Bank letter entitled "*Prospectus for Youth*," but without success. As I had intended to read that letter to you all it has occurred to me that excerpts from that letter might make a deeper impression, and so be of more lasting value, if brought to your specific attention in a letter in your own magazine. So, with my apologies to the unknown writer I am taking the liberty of using in this letter some of his ideas and suggestions for the present generation of young Canadians.

*"Young people entering High School in the year of Canada's Centenary will have just passed middle age when the calendar clicks over from 1999-2000." "Every field of endeavour, Science, Business and Politics etc., is moving at such a pace that the person who is not prepared will be overwhelmed. To put it bluntly, young people are up against a tough proposition."*

*"Now, and in the years following school, an important factor in life is Motivation. Joy in living arises from having a purpose. Young people would do well to have in mind an old Chinese saying — 'Great souls have wills, feeble ones have wishes.' Only effort will enable desires to express themselves in results."*

*"Education does not stop on graduation day. Ail of life is a time of learning and re-learning. One great Canadian, Canon Cody, defined education from the point of view of the individual as 'the process by which persons grow and are enabled to live significantly.'"*

*"Men or women who become great in any sort of occupation have a passion for work. A healthy person looks upon inaction as the greatest of woes. Anyone who wants anything will work to get it. The heights are not populated by lazy people. The days are never humdrum to one who is pursuing a purpose. When a writer says he has fun writing, when a research man says he finds fun in solving a problem, when the executive talks of fun in the game of business, they are talking about deep down satisfaction in discharging their work."*

*"The thing for young people to do is to get going. If a thing is necessary to be done, do it now; if a tough task impends do not shirk it; if a difficult decision demands attention get the facts and make it."*

*"Young people in their teens cannot at once influence Canada's second century, but they can determine that within their environment and circumstances they will start and follow through their determination to be ready to shape that century as they grow into it."*

I hope you will recognize in the above extracts from the Royal Bank letter many of the points and ideas which I have discussed with you, sometimes privately, sometimes in groups, and, often with the whole School. Perhaps you have thought that my talks with you have had value only for the immediate situations as they developed during the School year. I hope you will now realise that they are applicable to life as a whole. Integrity, good standards of conduct, consideration for others, loyalty to the right things, giving of your best in whatever work you undertake — only these can bring the happiness which everyone is seeking.

Yours affectionately,

*Adelaide Gillard.*



# Head Girl



MARY SUE PHILPOTT—"Flipitt"  
June 21  
Westmount, Quebec

Head Girl  
Rideau  
1962-1967

"The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep."

Activities:—Form Captain, VB, VA, VIA; Literature Club, Poetry Club;  
Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - School; Tennis; Badminton; Skating.  
Pet Aversion:—MacDuff stealing T.H.'s picture.  
Favourite Pastime:—Searching MacDuff's desk for pictures.  
Theme Song:—"Soul and Inspiration."

## HEAD GIRL'S LETTER

Dear Girls,

We have often heard that this modern generation lacks many qualities which past generations have had. Being part of this set of "impossible teenagers" I suppose I am not in a position to express an unbiased opinion. After quite a bit of thought I must say that the criticisms are partly true. People seem to be getting less thoughtful and more selfish all the time, and I fear that we are continuing this habit without much difficulty. Of course people are forever changing with the times and I feel quite sure that in every generation the young were told, "Things aren't what they used to be." We should not use this as an excuse for our faults, however, but should try to improve instead of becoming worse.

Governor-General Vanier's death has made us all realize how valuable a fine character is. Besides being so honourable and courageous he was always interested in the welfare of others and took an active part in organizations for the youth of Canada. He will ever be remembered for his unselfishness and sincerity. Although we cannot all reach our late Governor-General's standards, we know that it is possible for some to reach such a goal and therefore we must keep on trying.

Now I want to conclude with one of your very best qualities. Most young people today are interested in many original ideas and they put all their enthusiasm into their various activities. Certainly you at K.H.C. are no exception to this, as your House and School spirit has been "fantastic." I know it is hard to keep struggling to get pluses when your House never seems to come first. Remember, though, if no one ever got order marks the House Heads would have to think of something original to say in House meetings each week!

It has been a great experience for me to be on Macdonald, Montcalm, and Rideau all at the same time, and to take part in all the victories and defeats. Believe it or not, every House comes first at one time or another; do not ever give up. We all know that the important thing is your spirit, not whether you come first or last.

I wish all of you the very best of luck next year and always.

Love,

MARY SUE.



# Prefects

GEORGIANNA CALL—"Gin"

July 28

Knowlton, Quebec

Head of Macdonald

1963-1967

"Tout le malheur des hommes vient de n'a pas savoir  
se tenir en repos dans une chambre."

Activities:—Form Captain VIA; Sports Captain VIB; Library Committee  
Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current  
Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—Riding Instructress in Summer — Ski-bum in Winter.

Probable Destination:—Mucking out Royal Stables and Cashier in a ski  
chalet.

ANN ESDAILLE—"Ezzz"

May 31

Toronto, Ontario

Prefect on Macdonald

1963-1967

"My song from beginning to end  
I found in the heart of a friend."

Activities:—Form Captain VIB; Sports Captain VIB; Library Committee;  
Literature Club; Poetry Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Bellringer;  
Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—To be an opera singer.

Favourite Pastime:—Trying to get my voice higher than a low C.

MARGARET F. PATERSON—"Shmegs"

April 8

Canadian Lakehead, Ontario

Head of Montcalm

1963-1967

"Seek ye first the good things of the mind and the rest  
will either be supplied or its loss will not be felt."

Activities:—Sports Captain VIB, VIA; Literature Club; Bridge Club;  
Current Events; Public Speaking; Modern Jazz Dance Group.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Skiing.

Pet Aversion:—People who use the word "toad."

Prototype:—Mary Sue Philpott.

KAREN WESTHOFF—"Tassel-Toes"

July 2

Maracaibo, Venezuela, S.A.

Prefect on Montcalm

1963-1967

"If I can aid one in distress,  
If I can make a burden less  
If I can spread more happiness,  
Lord, show me how."

Activities:—Form Captain VIA; Library Committee; Literature Club;  
Poetry Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross;  
Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—Parliamentary Interpreter.

Probable Destination:—Cause of World War III.

MARGOT MAGEE—"Needle Nose"

July 16

Westmount, Quebec

Head of Rideau

1963-1967

"If the iron is blunt, and one does not whet the edge,  
He must put forth more strength;  
But wisdom helps one to succeed."

Activities:—Form Captain - VIB, VIA; Sports Captain VA; Library Com-  
mittee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross;  
Current Events; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—To grow another foot.

Probable Destination:—Growing three more arms!!

BETSY JOHNSTON—"Bets"

April 20

Delray Beach, Florida, U.S.A.

Prefect on Rideau

1963-1967

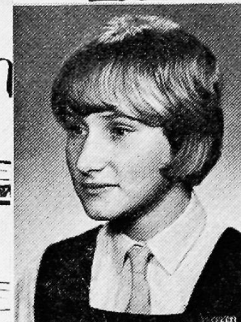
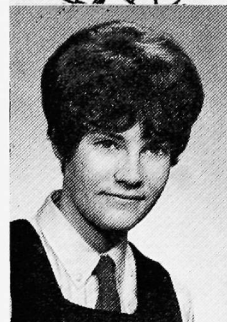
"Wise me ne'er sit and wail their loss but cheerly  
seek how to redress their harms."

Activities:—Form Captain VA; Sports Captain VIB; Library Committee;  
Literature Club; Poetry Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Glee Club;  
Choir, Crucifer; Treasurer Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting  
Club; Modern Jazz Dance Group.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Pet Aversion:—"My world is empty without you—"

Favourite Pastime:—Fighting with MacDuff.

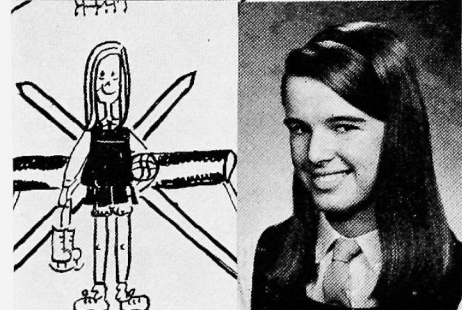




BARBARA CAMPBELL—"Bibs"  
May 16  
Westmount, Quebec

Sports Captain  
Macdonald  
1962-1967

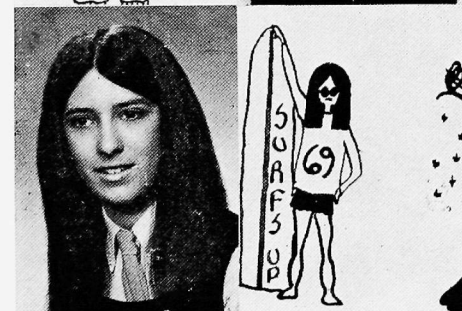
"Asking questions is a sign of intelligence?"  
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics;  
Choir; Bellringer; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee.  
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Favourite Pastime:—Tripping over snow banks.  
Probable Destination:—Inventing a snow removal machine.



PENELOPE PORTEOUS—"Penny"  
August 11  
Town of Mount Royal, Quebec

Sports Captain  
Montcalm  
1964-1967

"So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.  
No one can harm you!"  
Activities:—Sports Captain VIB; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dra-  
matics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Modern Jazz  
Dance Group.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing;  
Skating.  
Ambition:—To be a Ski-lum.  
Probable Destination:—Making artificial snow for ski enthusiasts in the  
Gobi desert.



ELIZABETH JARMAINE SMITH—"Jar"  
April 28  
Delray Beach, Florida, U.S.A.

Residence Captain  
Macdonald  
1964-1967

"I saw a time of loving and I wanted to return  
To that long forgotten haven on the edge of night  
Where life is rest and freedom is a song."  
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Bridge  
Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting  
Club; Modern Jazz Dance Group.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Skating.  
Pet Aversion:—"Coca Cola."  
Favourite Pastime:—MacDuff vs. Johnston speaker for MacDuff.

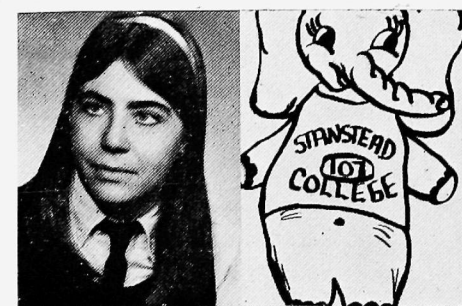


DEBORAH THOMPSON—"Debbie"  
April 11  
Bathurst, New Brunswick

Residence Captain  
Montcalm  
1963-1967

"Our pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed,  
Or like the snowflake on the river,  
A moment white then gone forever."  
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics;  
Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Vault-  
ing Club; Public Speaking; Modern Jazz Dance Group.  
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Pet Aversion:—People who say I look like my twin. (brother!)  
Theme Song:—"Everyone's Gone to the Moon."

## Matrics



NANCY KEYES—"Keyes"  
June 5  
Ottawa, Ontario

Matric Sports Captain  
Rideau  
1963-1967

"Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad."  
Activities:—Sports Captain VIB, VIA, Matric; Literature Club; Poetry  
Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events;  
Modern Jazz Dance Group.  
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Pet Aversion:—People who pronounce my name "keys" and call me "Margie."  
Favourite Pastime:—"Calling Margaret a "Toad."



ELIZABETH ANDRAS—"Betsy"  
June 18  
Toronto, Ontario

Rideau  
1963-1967

"As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field so he  
flourisheth  
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place  
thereof shall know it no more."  
Activities:—Form Captain VIA; Library Committee; Literature Club;  
Poetry Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current  
Events; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking;  
Bridge Club; Modern Jazz Dance Group.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Favourite Pastime:—MacDuff vs. Johnston — speaker for Johnston.  
Theme Song:—"I'm not your stepping stone."



DAPHE ARCHIBALD—"Archie"

July 29

Knowlton, Quebec

"Life had not since been wholly vain,  
And now I bear  
Of wisdom plucked from joy and pain  
Some slender share."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics;  
Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Modern  
Jazz Dance Group.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Pet Aversion:—Javex — salt-water fights.

Favourite Pastime:—Careening into trees at Hillcrest and splintering skis.

ELIZABETH JANE BOWEN—"Jane"

August 17

Westmount, Quebec

"Give me books, fruit, French wine and fine weather  
and a little music out of doors, played by somebody  
I do not know."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics;  
Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Public  
Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - Form; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing.

Favourite Pastime:—Eating peppermints.

Pet Aversion:—Mathematical Wizards.

MARY ELIZABETH CONDUIT—"Mer"

August 17

Toronto, Ontario

"My Author and Disposer what thou bidst  
unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,  
God is my Law."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Bridge  
Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Current Events; Vaulting Club;  
Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Swimming - House; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Pastime:—Singing.

Ambition:—To be a nurse.

ROBYN MACDUFF—"Robon I"

December 5

Hudson Heights, Quebec

"Weeping may endure for a night,  
But Joy cometh in the morning."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Bridge  
Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events;  
Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club; Modern Jazz Dance Group.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Pastime:—Battles with Johnston.

Prototype:—Lotus Blossom.

Theme Song:—"I can't help myself."

ROBIN MARSHALL—"Robon II"

October 16

Westmount, Quebec

"Lives there a girl with soul so dead,  
That hath never stopped and turned her head,  
And softly to herself hath said,  
"Hmm — not bad!"?

Activities:—Form Captain VIA; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics;  
Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee;  
Public Speaking; Modern Jazz Dance Group.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing.

Favourite Pastime:—Rotating till 2 a.m.

Pet Aversion:—No bedpost!

HEATHER ANNE MCALPINE—"Hedy"

December 10

Halifax, Nova Scotia

"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things  
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship."

Activities:—Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red  
Cross; Current Events.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—To Wedeln.

Probable Destination:—Going down hills on my nose.

Theme Song:—"Climb Every Mountain."

Macdonald

1964-1967

Macdonald

1964-1967

Rideau

1961-1967

Macdonald

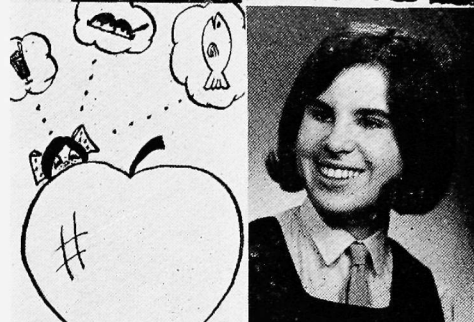
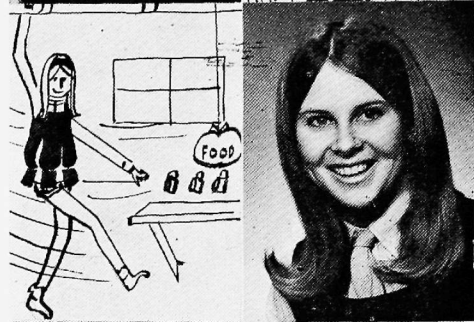
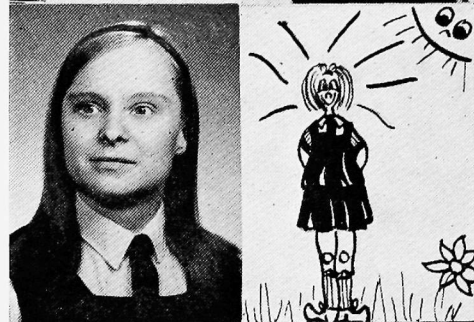
1963-1967

Montcalm

1965-1967

Montcalm

1964-1967





CHARLOTTE ANN MCGINN—"McGinn"  
November 15  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Macdonald  
1964-1967

"A soft answer turneth away wrath;  
but grievous words stir up anger."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics;  
Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee;  
Public Speaking; Modern Jazz Dance Group.  
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Ambition:—To learn how to put up a spinnaker  
Probable Destination:—Being hung on a spinnaker pole.  
Pet Aversion:—Flies.



SHEANA MEYERS—"Sheanie"  
June 11  
Toronto, Ontario

Macdonald  
1962-1967

"Down Life's highway I walk alone  
With things to face and not postpone."

Activities:—Head Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club;  
Bridge Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events;  
Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.  
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - Form; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Theme Song:—"I get blue when the sun gets red."  
Ambition:—To tour Europe, guitar in hand.  
Probable Destination:—Greenwich Village.



SARITA MODIANO—"Samo"  
January 11  
Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.

Montcalm  
1964-1967

"The French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards  
seem wiser than they are."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Bridge  
Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Com-  
mittee; Vaulting Club; Modern Jazz Dance Group.  
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Ambition:—To become an Interior Decorator.  
Probable Destination:—Redecorating the inside of Snoopy's play-house.  
Favourite Pastime:—Trying to write letters in English.



CYNTHIA MOFFAT—"Moff"  
January 7  
Westmount, Quebec

Macdonald  
1963-1967

"When music sounds, gone is the earth I know,  
And all her lovely things even lovelier grow."

Activities:—Sports Captain VIB; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dra-  
matics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - School; Swimming - Form; Tennis;  
Skiing; Skating.  
Theme Song:—"Strangers on the Shore."  
Ambition:—To be a stewardess.  
Probable Destination:—Doing stunts on an airplane wing.

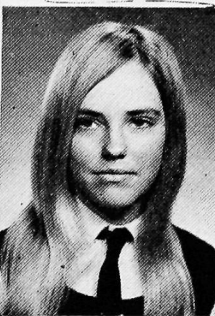


GEORGEANNE PARKE—"Jannie"  
February 27  
Dundas, Ontario

Macdonald  
1961-1967

"Smile and the whole world smiles with you."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club;  
Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Cottage Prefect.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Favourite Pastime:—Writing letters — — —  
Theme Song:—"That's How Strong My Love Is."  
Pet Aversion:—People who call me Jinny.



JEAN PATON—"Patône"  
May 10

Rideau  
1964-1967

Town of Mount Royal, Quebec  
"Why be a nuisance when, with a little effort  
you can be completely impossible?"

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics;  
Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Public Speak-  
ing; Modern Jazz Dance Group.  
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis;  
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Favourite Pastime:—Speaker for the speakers in the Johnston versus  
MacDuff fight.  
Prototype:—Eloise.  
Favourite Expression:—"I can't take it no more."



JILL RANKIN—"Jelly"

February 7

Montreal, Quebec

Montcalm

1962-1967

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Activities:—Form Captain - VB; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Theme Song:—"Sunshine Superman."

Prototype:—Little Lotta.

Favourite Expression:—"For crying in the beer!"

ROSLYN RAYMOND—"Roz"

January 8

Brockville, Ontario

Macdonald

1966-1967

"All of us are in the gutters but some of us are looking at the stars."

Activities:—Bridge Club; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer - Form; Volleyball - School; Tennis; Skiing; Skating; Swimming; Badminton.

Prototype:—Flipper.

Probable Destination:—Starring in "Daktari."

Pet Aversion:—B.C.S. Letters.

PAULINE CAMILLA ROBERTS

February 28

Compton, Quebec

Montcalm

1958-1967

"Come with me, I'll take you where the taste of life is sweet  
and every day holds wonders to be seen."

Activities:—Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Theme Song:—"I wanna be Free."

Pet Aversion:—People who tell me I should get my hair cut.

Ambition:—To own a 12-string guitar and a sheepskin jacket.

CHRISTINE SINCLAIR—"Sinc"

January 27

Montreal West, Quebec

Montcalm

1964-1967

"Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;  
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;  
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,  
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Modern Jazz Dance Group.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Pastime:—Drinking Pepsi.

Theme Song:—"Sunny."

FELICITY SMITH—"Felix"

August 5

Halifax, Nova Scotia

Rideau

1964-1967

"Joys as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness longer last?"

Activities:—Form Captain VIB; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Bell-Ringer.

Sports:—Soccer - Form; Volleyball; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating

Prototype:—Little Lotta.

Pet Aversion:—People who say "Blondes have more fun!"

Theme Song:—"Keep your Sunnyside Up."

GAY VERNON

September 18

Winchester, Hants, England

Rideau

1967

"Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode,  
The Rolling English Drunkard made the rolling English road."

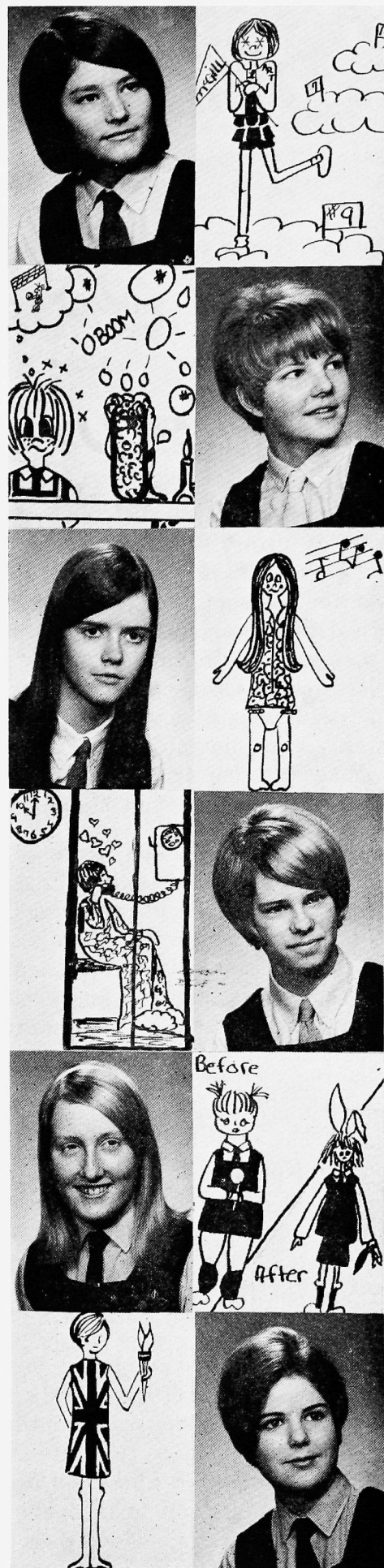
Activities:—Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee.

Sports:—Volleyball - Form; Swimming - Form; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Theme Song:—"Winchester Cathedral."

Favourite Pastime:—Long telephone calls.

Probable Destination:—Long distance operator.





# 1967 A Big Year for Canada and King's Hall

## A YEAR FOR CHANGING

Centennial and Expo '67 are combining to make this year the most colourful and progressive in all Canada's history. This is going to be a year spent in the limelight of worldwide praise or criticism, from the moment the first pavilion at Expo is opened to the moment the last tourist crosses back over the Canadian border. These tourists can either be enthusiastic over what they have come thousands of miles to see, or they can be bitterly disappointed. It is up to every Canadian to make sure that this year launches his country into an enthusiastic round of universal applause.

People from the United States, Mexico, Central America and South America, England, the Continent, the Near, Middle, and Far East will come to Canada first and foremost, to visit Expo. That is natural, because everyone loves the excitement and colour of a fair, and Expo '67 shows every sign of being one of the most fantastic fairs the world has ever seen. "Man and His World" — this is Expo's theme, and it is the right theme for a great international event held in Canada. This country has little history of racial and religious violence. No black or yellow-skinned tourist need be afraid of being refused a hotel room; no Latin-American or European will be jeered at for his accent or customs. Expo will be a universal event — the product of the labour of great men in a bilingual, bicultural nation.

Most of the tourists probably do not know why Montreal is the site of the World's Fair. They do not realize, and will not realize until they are told, that they are helping to celebrate Canada's 100th birthday. The people whose job it will be to tell them are the bus and taxi-drivers, the red-caps, the elevator operators, the barbers and everyday

people — you and I — who will soon be playing host to millions of visitors. These visitors are not going to spend the whole summer in Montreal attending Expo every day, because they will be ordinary people, not Rockefellers, and many will want to camp or stay in small motels. They will have heard of the Rocky Mountains, the fabulous fishing on the east and west coasts, Quebec City, perhaps the Cabot Trail and other landmarks. They will be flocking in all directions, investigating Canada for themselves. They may be looking up a long-forgotten great-aunt in Moose Jaw, a school friend, now a doctor in Trail, or an old army training sergeant in Cornerbrook. Every corner of Canada will be invaded, but this will be a very welcome invasion.

The tourists may well see more of Canada than native Canadians, but each Canadian by taking advantage of Centennial projects in his own area, and by learning what is going on at Expo, will acquire much benefit without even stirring from the limits of his own town. He will realize what it means to be a Canadian. He will learn the significance of our past, our present, and our future. National pride will shake him from his accustomed — perhaps inherited — provincialism.

Let us imagine two similar encounters. July, 1965, two tourists meet in Beirut.

"Excuse me, but I could not help noticing your accent. Where are you from?"

"Newfoundland. And you?"

"Me? I'm from Quebec."

July 1968, two tourists meet in Beirut.

"Excuse me, but I couldn't help noticing your accent — and — well, after being away for a while it sounds good to hear another Canadian."

FELICITY SMITH, Matric.

## CANADA

Man and his world  
As it is today,  
As man's world was  
Once upon a day.

A proud recollection  
Of events past and present;  
Hardships and joys on which  
Our feelings were spent.

Today we stop to think  
Before continuing on,  
Of those who paved the way,  
To whom the path shone.

A young maturing land  
Growing fast and strong,  
A new kind of patriotism  
Not developed long.

Always a friend overseas;  
Always a helping hand;  
Unity and brotherhood  
From a neighbouring land.

Oh! That this unity  
Should show us here at home  
Trouver un frère ici.  
There is no need to roam.

RHONA HALPERN, VI B.

## CANADA'S CENTENNIAL

Canada in this year of 1967 is a hundred years old, which means a lot to me as a Canadian. Think of it! Way back in 1867 when Sir John A. Macdonald became our first Prime Minister until now, when Lester B. Pearson is our Prime Minister, Canada has surely been through quite a bit, don't you think?

Our Centennial is being celebrated in many different ways and the biggest is "Expo '67," which will bring many people to visit Canada. Then there is the Confederation Train, which is travelling from coast to coast for Canadians to see. It started on Vancouver Island and is now slowly but surely coming toward us.

And last of all there is a health programme going on in which schools across the country are participating, and King's Hall is one of them. Now that I have just given you a rough idea of how our 100th birthday is being celebrated, aren't you glad that you are a Canadian?

TINA HAY, V A.

## EXPO '67,

## THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

As 1966 became 1967 people across Canada paid tribute to one hundred years of Confederation. Twenty-two churches and cathedrals rang their bells for five minutes, bringing in the New Year appropriately. One-hundred gun salutes sounded in provincial capitals and "Fires of Friendship" blazed in scores of towns and cities. On April twenty-eight, however, the celebration of Canada's birthday will find its central point at Expo '67 which will be, as it were, a window through which we shall see "Man and His World." Sixty-six nations will be represented at Expo and will display their achievements and way of life to millions of visitors. Besides fifty-five heads of state people will be flocking to Montreal from all over the world. Even from Japan thousands are expected.

Another point to mention is that Expo '67 will be the first recognized world's fair since Brussels, and absolutely the first on the North American continent. The New York and Seattle Fairs were only commercial exhibitions and were not in the true tradition of International World Fairs.

Erected on a man-made island in the St. Lawrence River, the Fair will be the centre of attraction for six months, with many famous actors and entertainers. A Russian ballet group, Marlene Deitrich, and Yehudi Menuhin are only a few of the artists expected. Many concerts ranging from "Folk-Rock" and "Blues" to Beethoven and Bach are planned in order to please all ages and tastes.

Each pavilion will have its own theme and will display the arts and skills of the country it represents. The United Kingdom Pavilion is being left unfinished as a symbol that the work of the United Kingdom is not yet complete. After all the gaiety and festivities are finished many of the countries, including Russia, are planning to dismantle their pavilions and ship them home to be erected on native soil.

To sum it all up, I should say that Canadians are celebrating a birthday that will be remembered the whole world over.

GAIL HOERIG, VI B.



## THE EXHIBITION OF 1967

Expo '67 is an abbreviated title for "The Universal and International Exhibition of 1967," taking place in Montreal, on St. Hélène's Island, from April 28 to October 27. It is one of the highlights Canada is using to celebrate her Centenary of Confederation.

Although many are already tired of the mention of Expo, we actually should realize this Exhibition was not done by Americans or Europeans but by Canadians, and is also neither French Canadian nor English Canadian. It is the greatest Exhibition ever held anywhere in the world and should not be missed, as such a great Exhibition will not happen again in Canada for several generations.

The symbol of the Exhibition is "Man and his World." The architects and designers of the Exhibition have let their imaginations go completely. Expo will attract many with its educational, its scientific, its entertainment, and its other international pavilions.

Some seventy countries, out of one hundred and fifty countries invited, will take part in the Fair, making it the most international exhibition in history. We will have the opportunity of meeting representatives of different colours, races, religions, languages, and cultures from these countries.

The Federal Government of Canada, the Province of Quebec, and the City of Montreal have co-operated to make this Exhibition the wonder of the century.

Why not go to Expo yourself and find out what it's all about? "See the life of your time and have the time of your life!"

ELIZABETH NELLES, V A.

## SERVICE FOR THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF GILLARD HOUSE

Saturday, 8th October, 1966  
at 11.00 a.m.

*Invocation*.....THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC

*Hymn* — "Christ is our cornerstone"

*Scripture Reading*.....THE VEN. T. J. MATTHEWS

*Prayer*.....THE REV. D. F. M. ROBERTS,  
School Chaplain

*Chairman's Remarks*.....MR. H. A. SIMONS

*Blessing of the Stone*.....THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC  
"Laying of the Cornerstone"

by ADELAIDE E. GILLARD, B.A., D.C.L.

Principal of the School

*Anthem* "YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS".....

SCHOOL CHOIR

*Prayer and Benediction*.....THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC

## GILLARD HOUSE

Recognizing the need to provide safer and more up-to-date living quarters for the students, the Members of the Corporation of King's Hall have given a great deal of thought to the matter of providing new facilities for the School; much planning had to be done and in consequence the whole question has received constant study over the past three years.

The main reason influencing the members of Corporation was the provision of safe fire resistive facilities and in order to do this it became necessary to erect a new building which has already been named "Gillard House."

Located as it is, adjoining the old building, and sited on the old soccer field, the new residence will be reached by a passageway and tunnel, so that no one need go out of doors in the cold weather.

With the use, this coming September, of "Gillard House," the Corporation of King's Hall will have accomplished its first objective, and I am sure you will all be very surprised and pleased when you finally move into the residence next year. Each bedroom is planned for two girls and has a built-in wardrobe unit for each girl and a "new bed." Our interior decorator, Mrs. G. S. McDougall, has planned all the rooms carefully and I am sure you will enjoy living in them. Each member of the staff, at long last, will have her own bathroom and large walk-in cupboard as part of her own bedroom and I am sure they will most particularly enjoy the new arrangements.

Upstairs, over the main entrance hall, is a large lounge and on the same floor is a small sitting room for quieter occupations. Downstairs is the main entrance hall, which is being decorated as a lounge in order to maintain a home-like atmosphere. There is also a sitting room on this floor.

The infirmary is located on the ground floor overlooking "Windy." The infirmary area has its own kitchen, five bed ward and isolation room. There is also a dispensary and a private room and bathroom for the nurse, similar to the other staff quarters. Personally, I think this is the most attractive area in the new residence and considering the purpose it is intended to serve it is probably a good thing.

The student bathrooms will astonish you. Each one is equipped with four or five wash basins, showers, bathtubs, drying room, etc., all most attractively tiled in varying colours.





#### SIGNING THE CONTRACT AND EXAMINING THE PLANS

MR. A. G. MAGEE, MRS. N. THOMPSON, MR. R. F. LAWTON,  
MISS A. PITT, MR. J. M. JEANSON.  
(Photograph by E. Bermingham Inc.)

#### TURNING THE FIRST SOD

COL. L. M. WATSON, RT. REV. RUSSEL BROWN, MR. N. H.  
WELCH, MR. A. C. STEVENS, MISS GILLARD, MR. A.  
CHAPDELAINE, MR. S. W. BRODERICK.  
(Photograph by Doug Gerrish)

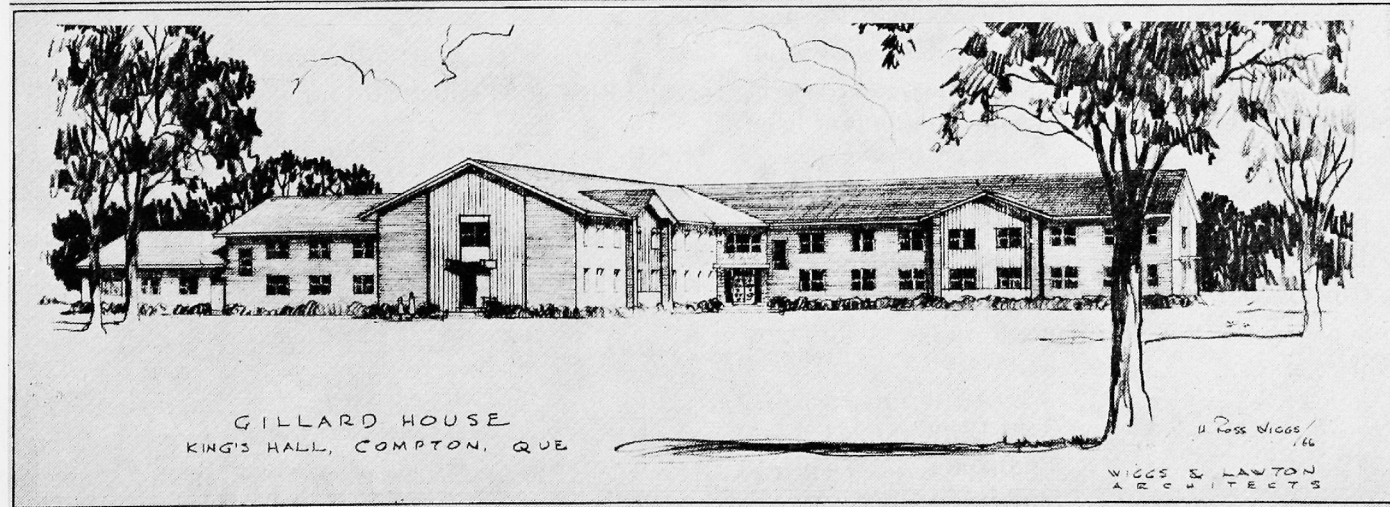
#### LAYING THE CORNERSTONE

MISS GILLARD, MR. H. A. SIMONS  
(Photograph by Gerry Lemay)

#### THE CEREMONY COMPLETED

MISS A. PITT, RT. REV. RUSSELL BROWN, MISS GILLARD,  
MRS. F. C. WINSER, MRS. D. GREGORY.  
(Photography by Gerry Lemay)

#### AN ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF GILLARD HOUSE



It is unfortunate that we had to locate the new residence on your soccer field, but I am sure if you will look at the grounds yourselves you will find that we had very little choice. The new soccer field will be located in front of the residence, parallel with the road, and we will take great care to see that the field is properly drained so that maximum use of the field can be made.

Within the next few years, we will be making many changes in the old building as space is now of course going to be available on the second floor. The third floor will be closed off entirely and used for limited storage purposes. The second floor, in time, will have a new large lounge, two or three classrooms, a science laboratory, a science lecture room, music rooms and the art room. Downstairs, the existing library will become a parents' waiting room though a small section of it will be used to increase the staff dining room. The present lounge will be divided in half and will be made into two libraries — one fiction; one reference.

The foregoing are our future thoughts for the existing building though of course it may take some time before they are finally executed. There are a certain number of basic repairs required for the building itself which must be done first. All these alterations and improvements cost a great deal of money and the Campaign Committee, headed by Allan Magee and Mrs. F. C. Winsor (Joan Price), together with many hard working volunteers, have raised over \$375,000.00 from Old Girls and Friends of the School to make all these changes possible in the very near future.

The provision of the new residence and the eventual changes to the existing building involves a very heavy capital expense approximately one half of which has been raised by the financial campaign; the balance has been provided through a substantial mortgage which must be paid within the next 15/20 years. Without these sources of funds, the new building would not have been possible.

The members of the Campaign Committee and the Building Committee along with the members of the Corporation at large are looking forward to the moment when you can move in to your new facilities.

ANN PITT  
Chairman,  
Building Committee

## JAMAICA AT EXPO '67

Jamaica, which is the largest West Indies island, located in the middle of the Caribbean Sea, will be represented at Expo '67 in Montreal. One of the main reasons for this island to be represented at such a big fair is to help encourage tourist trade to the island. This is one of its main industries.

The pavilion will be a typical tropical building representing a gift shop found on the Jamaica sea front. It will have a shingled roof and large white French windows which will display tropical products. This building will be surrounded by cabanas where guests visiting the displays can try different Jamaica drinks and foods.

Each individual guest will have the pleasure of being shown around by charming guides who will be dressed in the native costumes which are full of colour, with large white helmets, white gloves, shirts and black trousers with a dark red stripe down each side of the leg.

The products on display will be those that are found on the island and for which it is well known, such as the Blue Mountain coffee, Jamaica Label Rum, allspices, tobacco, perfume, jewellery made from cut stones, and, as well, some straw goods.

The guests will be able to try tropical fruits such as pawpaws, mangoes, naseberries, sweetsops and otaheite apples. They will also be able to have the national foods, rice 'n' peas, ackee, curried goat, baked plantain and roasted breadfruit.

While the guests are making believe they are on the island, music will be provided — calypso, cha-cha steel bands and native folk dancing done to African singing.

I believe that attending our pavilion at Expo will be a good substitute for visiting the island.

ELIZABETH BLENKIRON, VI B.





# School Calendar 1966-67

## AUTUMN TERM

	<b>Sept.</b>
School Opened.....	13
Initiation of New Girls.....	22
Appointment of Prefects.....	27

	<b>Oct.</b>
Matric. and VI A attended dance at B.C.S.	1
Thanksgiving Week-end.....	8-10
Laying of Cornerstone of Gillard House....	8
Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Tests.....	22
Matric. and VI A attended dance at Stanstead.....	22
Illustrated Lecture on Wild Life, Mr. Edgar Jones.....	22

	<b>Nov.</b>
Hallowe'en Supper and Party.....	4
Mark Sheets.....	8
Tea Dance at B.C.S.....	19
Volleyball Competition at Sherbrooke.....	26
Mr. Gibb's Lecture and Slides on European Travel.....	26

	<b>Dec.</b>
College Board Exams.....	3
Miss Gillard's Birthday.....	4
School Exams.....	5-9
The Senior Choir sang Confirmation Service, Coaticook.....	9
Christmas Party.....	11
Choir sang Carols outside in Early Morning.	12
Carol Service in Front Hall.....	13
School closed for Christmas Holidays.....	15

## WINTER TERM

	<b>Jan.</b>
School Re-opened.....	10
Piano Concert at Bishop's University.....	17
Play by Lennoxville Players — "Brides of March".....	27

	<b>Feb.</b>
Talk on Work of the W.A.—Mrs. E. Taylor.	4
Matric. and VI A attended Carnival at B.C.S.....	4
Senior Choir sang Baptism and Eucharist Service, St. George's Church, Lennoxville.	5
Concert at Bishop's University.....	8
Play at B.C.S.—"Inspector General".....	17
Matric. and VI A attended Carnival at Stanstead.....	18
School Dance.....	25

	<b>Mar.</b>
College Board Exams.....	4
Play at Bishop's University, "Knight of the Burning Pestle".....	4
Matric. Mathematical Contest.....	9
Swimming Meet.....	12
VI B Play — "Sorry! Wrong Number".....	12
Matric. Easter Exams.....	15-21
Easter Festival.....	19
School Closed for Easter Holidays.....	22

## SPRING TERM

	<b>Apr.</b>
School Re-opened.....	6
Concert by University Singers.....	8
Sugaring-off at Mr. Johann's.....	13
Play, Lennoxville Players — "Time Remembered".....	21
Military Tattoo.....	24
Confirmation at St. James' Church, Compton.....	29
VI B at Stanstead Workshop.....	29
VI A Play — "Mary Rose," J. M. Barrie..	30

	<b>May</b>
College Board Exams.....	6
Choir sang Matins at St. Barnabas Church, North Hatley.....	7
Matric. Class Entertained Stanstead.....	20
School Exams.....	24-31

	<b>June</b>
Closing Church Service.....	1
Gym. Demonstration.....	2
Closing Exercises.....	2
McGill Exams.....	7-21



### MACDONALD HOUSE LETTER

Quotation from **Encyclopaedia Britannica**,  
page 2483:

"Macdonald, Sir John Alexander — the  
first premier of the Dominion of Canada—"

Soon to be included, we hope:

"Macdonald, THE House of King's Hall,  
Compton.

Contains forty-nine loquacious devils carefully selected for their abundance of 'spirit.' Noted for their adaptability to strongly chlorinated water and their determination to 'show others how to do it'! They seem to have a peculiar aversion to blue, the colour, and its associated emotions. Slight (?) tendency towards minuses counterbalanced by eager searching for a copious supply of pluses. Proof of popularity given by large amounts of fan mail (stamps!) All round good group."

Dear Macdonians,

Our modern encyclopaedias and dictionaries do not seem to recognize the value of this word — "superflashinocratinious." Well, that does not matter as we sure recognize its value! It expresses just how "fantastic" you have been for us this year, and how much your enthusiasm and wonderful support have meant to us. All the feelings of anxiety when doing the totals and when walking into our first House meetings disappeared with your encouraging smiles and deafening cheers.

Best luck always to you all, especially to next year's prefects. They will be lucky to have such a wonderful group.

Stay Fhast - Hand - Sharp!!!

Love,

GINNY, ANN, and TIGER.

### RIDEAU HOUSE LETTER

Dear Rideauites,

We have created a piece of art which symbolizes the true, realistic Rideauite. We believe that we have captured all facets of this "creature."

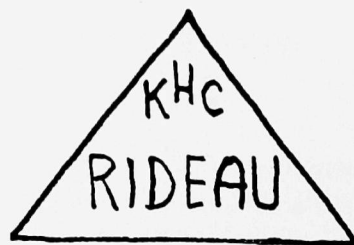


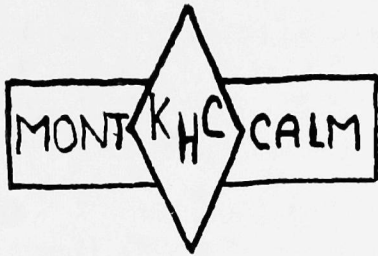
Notice first and foremost the spirit, symbolized by the sun which radiates from her. With eyes to see what kind of trouble she can stir up, with nose to smell the beckoning odours of the forbidden kitchen, and with a mouth which rarely stays shut, her face is a picture of pure innocence — that is when one can see it through the long flowing locks of hair. This "being" has a few added attractions such as webbed feet, terrific for swim meets, a built-in apparatus for badminton and tennis tournaments, and extra long arms and loud voices for cheering, whether Rideau is first or last. To sum it all up, we have placed a halo about her head, but she seems to have acquired a forked tail.

Seriously, you kids, this has been a terrific year and we have loved every minute of it in spite of the ups and downs. We wish you the best of luck in the future, and good luck to next year's prefects. Make sure you keep up that famous Rideau spirit.

Lots of love,

MARGOT and BETSY.





Dear Montkomrades:

The U.S.S.A. (United Sisters of Special Spirit Association) toppled the charts this year with their song "Yea Montcalm."

Our **Per Annos** reporter managed to obtain a few words from the group's managers, Marg Gazork, and Karen Feldztein. They are quoted as saying, "We know that our group is the number one International Smash of 1967." The reception at their jam sessions by their fans certainly supports this statement. Many more successes shine in the future for this outstanding group.

Sitting here, writing the report for the end of the year, we know that the fun and happiness that we have shared with you cannot be put into words. You are the greatest group and have made our last year unforgettable.

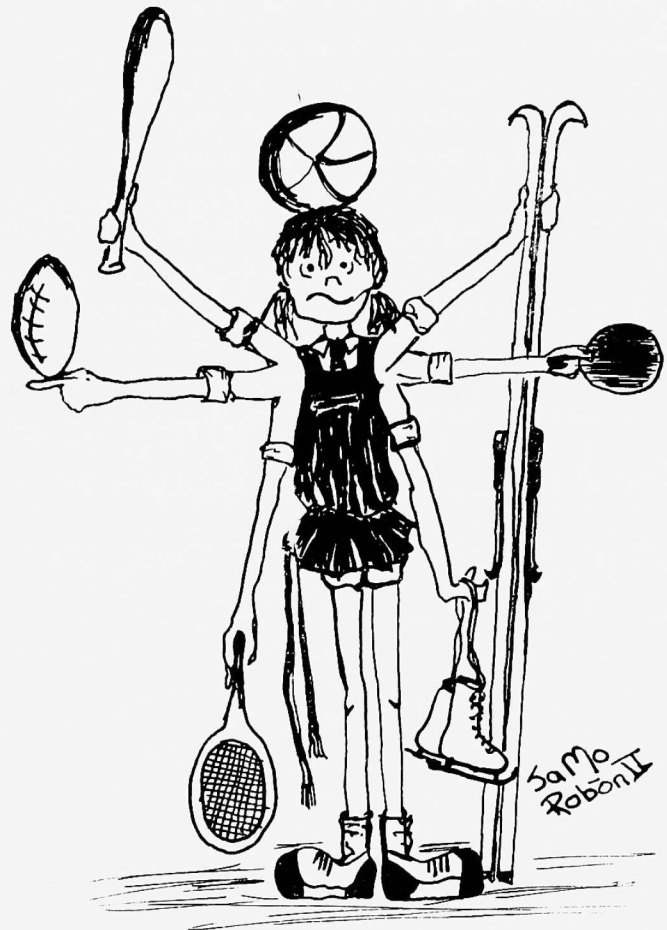
The best of luck to you and your Prefects next year.

Love,  
MARG and KAREN.

### SPORTS REPORT

When school opened in September everyone enthusiastically participated in the new system of afternoon activities. We had soccer, volleyball, or other games each afternoon. One would see the girls racing out to the soccer field after classes with the balls and "pinnies", each person eager to play her favourite position. Because we had only one soccer field this year we unfortunately did not have a chance to play any inter-school games. Many were unusually interested in volleyball, and we played some inter-House games. The Volleyball team enjoyed a day at the Sherbrooke High School, at an inter-school volleyball tournament. Miss Loader concocted many original "fun" games for those who were not playing either soccer or volleyball.

After Christmas everyone returned eager to do lots of skiing and skating. The weather was great for both sports, and the girls thoroughly enjoyed skating to the music which Miss Gillard played over the loud speaker in the afternoons. Every Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday one could see the bus which had come to take the keen skiers to



Hillcrest for an afternoon of whizzing down the slopes and tumbling over moguls. Many who did not go to Hillcrest went to our Church hill and Farm hill to practise or take ski lessons. On the week-ends we went on ski-hikes which were lots of fun.

As the term progressed, Junior and Senior ping-pong tournaments were eagerly played. The winners were Christine Sinclair and Billie Johnston. This term we are also having Junior and Senior badminton tournaments, which are still in progress, and in the summer term we hope to have tennis tournaments for eager tennis players. The winners of these receive points for the Sports shield as did the winners of the inter-House swimming meet, which took place in March. The last race was very exciting as near the end of the Meet all three Houses were tied. All swimmers, determined to win, swam vigorously amid the shouting and cheering. Rideau's determination brought her victory.

This year being Canada's hundredth birthday, all the girls participated in a national contest competing against time, by doing sit-ups, and against space with broad jumping, and various other events.

Among the extra-curricular events were vaulting clubs for Juniors and Seniors and swimming lessons in preparation for the bronze medallion. Both these activities were supervised by Miss Loader. The Modern Jazz dancing for "co-ordinated" Matrics was directed by Betsy Johnston.

We feel that this year the girls have all eagerly participated in and enjoyed more varied sports and activities than usual. We would like to thank Miss Loader, Miss Keyzer and Miss Hoult very much for organizing different and interesting activities for the year. It's been great!

PENNY PORTEOUS and  
BARBARA CAMPBELL, Sports Captains.

### A PLEASANT CHANGE

We saw the flashing purple and red uniforms before we even entered the grounds. The place? Stanstead College. The time? October twenty-second at approximately three-thirty in the afternoon. Boys were running this way and that, eyes strained to catch a glimpse of the arriving Compton girls. We were just in time to see the last quarter of the football game and to watch the purple-clad figures depart.

The victorious Stanstead boys showed us into their school, where we waited in the comfortable library or lounge until dinner was served. With the announcement of the meal the Staff and boys seated us in the spacious dining room. We enjoyed a delicious chicken casserole and I am sure we consumed more ice cream and cake than is imaginable. The best was yet to come, however, and we finished dinner with great anticipation for the dance.

The decorations were fabulous and showed a great deal of work. They consisted of many posters boasting "mod expressions." Different coloured streamers hung from the ceiling and walls. The music was provided by the Sceptres, a band from Montreal. They were a talented group, ready with all the "hits." Their greatest attraction was the selection of jokes and ridiculous stories they produced at the breaks, or between the songs. The mood on the dance floor was good, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. We agree that besides being gay, the Stanstead boys were talkative and friendly hosts; even the shyest girl was drawn in by the lively spirit.

We departed exhausted but happy, carrying masses of streamers and various posters in memory of the enjoyable evening.

NORA COOK, VI A.

### CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

*Processional:* Once in royal David's city  
The Bidding Prayer

*Carol:* Come, all you faithful  
Christians. . . . . HEREFORD CAROL  
Lesson: Genesis 3 (8-15)

*Carols:* This is the truth sent  
from above. . . . . arr. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS  
Jesu parvule (Choirs). . . . . DONALD SWANN  
Lesson: Isaiah II (1-9)

*Hymn:* O come, O come Emmanuel. . . . . PLAINSONG

*Carol:* The noble stem Jesse  
(Choirs). . . . . 15 century, arr. HOLST  
Lesson: Micah 5 (2-4)

*Recitative:* Unto you is born this day

*Hymn:* O little town of Bethlehem  
. . . . . WALFORD DAVIES

*Carol:* In dulci jubilo  
(Choirs). . . . . MEDIEVAL, arr. N.M.B.  
Lesson S. Luke I (26-33, 38)

*Carols:* Gabriel's message. . . . . OLD BASQUE  
Balulalow (Choirs). . . . . BENJAMIN BRITTEN  
Lesson: S. Luke 2 (1-7)

*Carols:* Come, listen to  
my story. . . . . English 18 century  
The shadows are falling  
(Choirs). . . . . TYROLEAN, arr. ARMSTRONG  
Lesson: S. Luke 2 (8-19)

*Carols:* While shepherds  
watched. . . . . from Hartland, N. DEVON  
Mater ora filium  
(Junior Choir). . . . . IRISH, arr. WOOD  
Lesson: S. Matthew 2 (1-11)

*Hymn:* As with gladness

*Carol:* Sing lullaby! (Choirs). . . . . OLD BASQUE  
Lesson: S. John 1 (1-14)

*Carol:* The sun in the morning. . . . . SUSSEX CAROL  
Collect for Christmas Eve

*Recessional:* O come all ye faithful



## JOYOUS NOEL

On Sunday evening, December 9, the students of King's Hall awaited the beginning of the Nativity play which the Juniors, under the direction of Mrs. Carr, had spent much time and effort in preparing. The play began with a short reading from the Bible, then the opened curtain revealed a room in a busy inn, where two centurians were throwing darts. The landlady was ushering in a husband and wife who were going to share the room. As the play continued an oily Egyptian merchant with his Christian slave arrived and also a wealthy widow with her slave. This play showed an aspect of the Nativity entirely different from the usual one, though it ended with all the boisterous and worldly people led by the star kneeling in worship before the Infant.

Following the play we enjoyed the Carol service with both French and English carols sung by Forms and choir. According to King's Hall tradition we slipped silently along the glass passage where the choir, holding lighted candles, were singing "Silent Night." The exciting moment then arrived when the lounge doors were opened and the decorations revealed. The theme was everyone's old favourite, "Peanuts." The VI A's had made murals for every wall portraying "Peanut" characters at Christmas time. By the fireplace a replica of Snoopy's doghouse had been erected. In every available place we saw stuffed animals.

Santa and his merry helpers came in with a loud "Ho-ho" and "Merry Christmas." Then followed the poems which the Matrics. had written about each Staff. These were greeted by many cheers. Finally Santa himself stood up, and with an especially hearty "Ho-ho" presented Miss Gillard with her gift, a set of certificates to supply her with flowers throughout the winter. The evening was complete. After thanks had been given to all who had made it such a success we lined up for Miss Gillard's good-night kiss, and marched happily off to bed.

BELINDA KIRBY,  
FIONA ST. CLAIR,  
ROBIN STUART, VI A.

PROGRAMME OF THE CONCERT  
ON MARCH 19, 1967

- Schubert*  
"To Music" ..... CHOIRS
- Brahms*  
Two Liebeslieder Waltzes ..... M. PATERSON,  
N. BENNETT
- Folksong*  
"Blow the wind southerly" ..... SCHOOL  
"Golden slumbers" ..... RECORDERS AND PIANO
- Grechaninov*  
Mazurka; Waltz ..... E. KREDL
- Frank Bridge*  
"The graceful swaying wattle" ..... CHOIRS
- Tchaikovsky*  
"German Song" ..... E. DAVIS
- C. le Fleming*  
"The puddleducks take a walk" .. A. MACCULLOCH  
R. TISSHAW
- Folksong*  
"Where the Gaudy runs" ..... IV A AND V B
- Schumann*  
"First Loss" ..... B. LLOYD
- African Spiritual*  
"Dust and Ashes" ..... V A
- J. S. Bach*  
"Prelude in C" ..... R. TISSHAW
- Sydney Carter*  
"Judas and Mary" ..... IV A AND V B
- Schubert*  
Impromptu in B flat ..... J. MEAGHER
- C. le Fleming*  
"The Birthright" ..... V A, V B AND IV A
- Phyllis Tale*  
"Hot Cross Buns" ..... T. ORLANDINI,  
N. M. BENNETT
- Folksong*  
"The Prickety Bush" ..... SCHOOL
- Shostakovitch*  
"The Mechanical Doll" ..... E. NELLES
- Dyson*  
"Sea Music" ..... CHOIRS
- Handel*  
"Andantino in G minor" ..... A. MACCULLOCH
- J. S. Bach*  
Tune from the Peasant Cantata ..... RECORDERS
- Brahms*  
Two Liebeslieder Waltzes ..... M. PATERSON,  
N. M. BENNETT
- Schubert*  
"To Music" ..... CHOIRS



### THE INSPECTOR GENERAL

On Friday, February seventeenth, about one hundred Compton girls from V A to Matric. attended a play at Bishop's College School — "The Inspector General." The cast was made up entirely of students and was directed by Mr. Lewis Evans.

The play is a three-act comedy written by Nikolai Gogol and translated and revised by John Anderson. This play is set in a small Russian town in the early nineteenth century. Briefly, the plot is about eight town officials who are not quite honest in their dealings. They receive word that a government inspector is to visit them incognito. Such news is very alarming to the group, and each man hastens to right his affairs. A stranger, Alexandrovitch, played by Philip Fowler, appears on the scene. He is mistaken for the inspector. Because of the stupidity of the dishonest officials Alexandrovitch is able to make off with all their rubles. In the last minute of the last act the true inspector enters not as a casual stranger but with all the pomp and glory due to a person of his rank.

Though the play was amusing, the chief success of the production came from the superior acting. Each character was portrayed excellently and as a complete individual. The audience was captivated by the realism of every action and emotion. The costumes were attractive and appropriate, and the staging showed a great deal of hard work, adding to the overall effectiveness of the performance.

NORA COOK, VI A.

### THE BRIDES OF MARCH

On January twenty-seventh at eight o'clock the curtain rose on a play entitled "The Brides of March," which was presented by The Lennoxville Players, sponsored by the Optimist Club. Mr. Lewis Evans was the director. This play reached his usual very high standard.

To the delight of the attending King's Hall girls, the female lead was played by Miss Vals Horsfall, a former King's Hall Staff, while Mrs. Clifton, also a former teacher at King's Hall, took an important role with humour and precision. All the characters were excellent. We sat and laughed until the tears ran down our cheeks at the antics of Captain Scudmore, played by Mr. Tim Allan, and of his brother, played by Mr. John Clifton of the B.C.S. staff. Captain Scudmore had inherited a harem from an old Arabian sheik whose life he had saved during the war. The harem arrives at the Scudmores' London home. We are of the unanimous opinion that "The Brides of March" is one of the best plays any of us had seen for a long time.

PATRICIA ANDERSON, VI A.

### B.C.S. BARBECUE AND DANCE

On a chilly afternoon during the first week-end of October, our two upper Forms left the school premises in hopeful expectation of having an enjoyable evening with the boys of B.C.S. — that is, with those lucky enough to be on the first football team. On our arrival we were split into three groups and led down to the residences where the boys had prepared barbecues. We were served a delicious punch and delicacies right off the grill. A record player also added to the atmosphere.

We were next ushered up to the main building, where we were to have the dance. It took a little while for everyone to get into the swing of things, but soon the dancing started. However, a rather repulsive smell began to fill the air. This, we discovered, was caused by the first team's mascot, a billy goat, which was parading around the back of the school getting too friendly with everyone. It did not seem long before the countryside was flying by, as we sat silently recalling the fun-filled hours that had just passed.

KATHY HARPUR, VI A.



### THE VI B PLAY

On the evening of Sunday, March 12, the entire school assembled in the Prep Hall to see "Sorry, Wrong Number." This mysterious one-act play was presented by a group of VI B students under the direction of Miss Hewson.

Rhona Halpern should be commended for her excellent acting. She took the leading role of Mrs. Stevenson who overhears, while trying to reach her husband on the telephone, a plot to kill an elderly woman. The harrowing incident comes to its peak when Mrs. Stevenson herself finds that she is to be the victim of the plot. The play ended very dramatically with her murder.

I would also like to mention all the other girls both on stage and behind the scenes who made this play such a success. I am sure continuous hours of hard work were put in by each girl as the acting, the sound effects and the lighting were of high quality.

The whole school would like to thank Miss Hewson and all the VI B's who made that a very enjoyable evening.

KATHY WINNER, VI A.

### THE STANSTEAD CARNIVAL

We unanimously voted this year's Stanstead Carnival their best one yet. It took the same form as last year's except for a few innovations. We had been asked to select three girls as candidates for carnival queen. Our choices were Betsy Andras, Margie Paterson and Jarmaine Smith. A tug-of-war, broom ball games, and a dog-sled race were other additions.

In spite of the fact that the bus broke down on our journey to Stanstead we arrived just in time for the scavenger hunt, which required finding such items as wine flasks, a December '66 **Playboy**, and assorted Prefects and House officers. Following this we drifted out to the snow-covered football field to watch the dog-sled races and exhaust ourselves in a tug-of-war and broom ball games, one of which we won. We were then ushered to Pierce Hall where the candidates for carnival queen displayed their talents in a modern jazz dance. A rollicking hootenany followed, and we gave the boys an example of our typical K.H.C. lion hunts.

After demolishing a hearty meal of hamburgers, salad, ice cream and chocolate cake we were lured to Pierce Hall once more by the throbbing rhythm of "Our Generation." The hall was decorated with skis, ski-boots, posters, and balloons, some of which now decorate K.H.C. rooms in fond remembrance of a "fantastic" dance. When the boys' votes had been counted, Mr. Lester crowned Jarmaine Smith the carnival queen, and she and the princesses were given lovely crowns and Stanstead pendants.

By eleven o'clock the dance was over. After sincere "thank-yous" to our hospitable escorts we got on the bus, pleased with a very successful day.

NANCY KEYES,

JEANIE PATON, Matric.

### HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

There is never a dull moment in the Household Science laboratory. Someone is always there cooking, sewing, or even mending. The project for 1967 was making as many things as possible for the Red Cross. All girls from IV A to VI B in their regular weekly classes took part in making such things as jumpers, blouses, skirts, dresses, and knitted garments of many types. This work would have been impossible without the guidance of Mademoiselle Lecours, whose patience was never-ending.

Everyone from IV A to VI B inclusive takes Household Science — cooking and sewing — as part of the regular school course. Those who wish to specialize in Household Science do so in VI A and Matric. These girls learn more advanced

cooking and sewing and also take some dress designing and have classes in dietetics. This year five girls are taking the special course: Jane Aylward, Brenda Booth, and Katherine Collier from VI A, and from Matric., Jan Parke and Gay Vernon.

The two "big" occasions of the year took place when we entertained Miss Gillard, at tea in the first term and in the second term at lunch. The hostesses enjoyed having her and hope they played their role successfully.

We all join in thanking Mademoiselle Lecours for her hard work and encouragement and we are sure that all the things we learned will be of assistance to us in the future.

JAN PARKE and GAY VERNON, Matric.

### POLL

- 57% own levis.
- 54% own mini-skirts.
- 61% own fish-net stockings.
- 48% wear or have worn glasses.
- 5% wear or have worn contacts.
- 17% own geometrical glasses rims.
- 48% use men's cologne.
- 39% have never written Stanstead.
- 15% have never written B.C.S.
- 13% buy licorice in the village every week.
- 47% prefer coffee or tea.
- 50% prefer steak to lobster.
- 59% subscribe to or always read Seventeen or Glamour.
- 37% subscribe to or always read Time, Life, or Newsweek.
- 68% have university in mind.
- 41% have never had an order mark.
- 10% always put initials on the back of envelopes.
- 53% have had braces or a retainer.
- 56% have or have had pierced ears.
- 37% have bangs.
- 32% have long hair. (past shoulders.)
- 57% own something with a granny (flowered) print.
- 43% have gone steady.
- 23% have a boy's ring, or pin or I.D. at the moment.
- 12% have French Poodles.
- 42% own beige cords.
- 6% like shoulder length hair on boys.
- 21% would like to get married before 21.
- 48% own Rolling Stones album.
- 26% own a Kingston Trio album.
- 61% prefer Monkeys to the Beatles.
- 9% speak a foreign language other than French.
- 53% have never been off the American continent.
- 13% have been to the top of the Eiffel tower.
- 2% have never failed an exam.

## RED CROSS REPORT

This year everyone at Compton has contributed some of her spare time to raising funds and undertaking projects for the Junior Red Cross. On Thanksgiving week-end we held a bazaar which was a great success. Many girls made stuffed animals, sewing kits, laundry bags and pot holders, which were very popular. This year, however, in place of sending the money raised from the bazaar to the Red Cross, we sent it to The Montreal Association of the Blind to buy a tape recorder.

I think that this year there have been the most novel ideas for raising funds. The VI B's made Christmas cards which they sold before we went home for the Christmas vacation, and they put on a play called "Sorry, Wrong Number." The admission fee to the play, which was fifteen cents, was sent to the Red Cross. The V A's had a money raising project where everyone could play games such as bingo and twister. In the spring the VI A's hope to have a barbecue as their project. The IV A's are also planning to have a raffle in the spring term.

As usual, we are sending a large box of clothing to the Red Cross, of which every article is made by the girls and Staff. The VI B's and V A's make blouses, dresses, skirts and playsuits, while the VI A's and Matrics. do their best to knit scarves, hats, and mittens and to make stuffed animals. We are looking forward to the Red Cross Evening in the spring term when Miss Gillard holds each article in turn for everyone to see.

Every girl in the school except the Matrics. is required to make a health kit. The kit, which costs no more than two dollars, includes a towel, a facecloth, two bars of soap, a toothbrush, a tube of toothpaste, a comb, a handkerchief and a small toy. These articles are placed in small bags of cloth made by the Home Economics students. Instead of making the health kits, the Matrics. hope to fill a school chest containing pencils, scribblers, rubber erasers, rulers, crayons, a volleyball and a globe. Money for the volleyball and globe is to be raised in the Matric. raffle in the spring.

This year we are making a tape recording to send to another country. The recording will include a brief description of our life at school, of the subjects studied, of our sports and will give some information about the province and Canada. We would like to make the tapes both in English and French.

All the money raised by the school is to be used to initiate freedom from hunger projects in the Sudan, to provide food, clothing and medicines for disaster areas, and to provide drugs and surgery for handicapped children.

This year King's Hall is sending a representative

to the Centennial Red Cross Youth Project called "Rendez-vous '67." This will be a conference for youth leaders from all over the world and will study and suggest ways for promoting better human relations.

Two VI A's, Kathy Harpur and Francine Sawdon are respectively secretary and treasurer of the Red Cross, while each Form elected its own class representative. These are VI A, Raquel Shalom and Janie Aylward; VI B, Phyllis Hay; V A, Elaine Aboud; V B, Deidre Laurie; IV A, Terry Orlandini.

I should like to thank Mademoiselle Lecours very much for helping everyone make something. We would never have been able to do anything without her. Thank you also, all the representatives, Kathy and Francine, for co-operating so well this year. You all did a very good job.

ANN McINNES, Matric. (President)

## ART REPORT

With all respect to Michelangelo we at Compton also had an art renaissance. Without the advice and aid of Miss Morton, our art teacher, we could never have perfected such "Art treasures." Her enthusiasm and her interest in our work encouraged us to continue in spite of disappointments.

Every Monday and Wednesday afternoons Special Art classes enabled us to express our eager ideas on paper. We dabbled in many projects from "Still Life" in oils to toothpick mobiles.

Our industrious workers buzzed around preparing scenery for plays and dedicating their time to making decorations for school events. Hallowe'en was made more spooky by the VI B's witches, bats and spiders. The IV A's, V B's, V A's and VI B's made papier mâché models for the school Carol Service. These were scenes of the Nativity and were later donated to the Children's Home at Dixville. The VI A's kept the school in suspense while working on the Christmas decorations. We all enjoyed their theme, "Peanuts at Christmas." They also made the decorations for the formal dance. The theme was Expo '67.

In co-operation with the science department the V A's created a new solar system of papier mâché. The stars and planets were constructed according to scale but were painted according to taste.

The few seniors who are taking their matriculation in Art are submitting their work to the McGill University matriculation examiners.

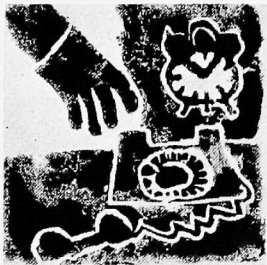
Art this year was by no means a laborious task, but something we thoroughly enjoyed doing. We may not all be Michelangelos, but thanks to Miss Morton we had fun trying.

FRANCINE SAWDON, VI A.





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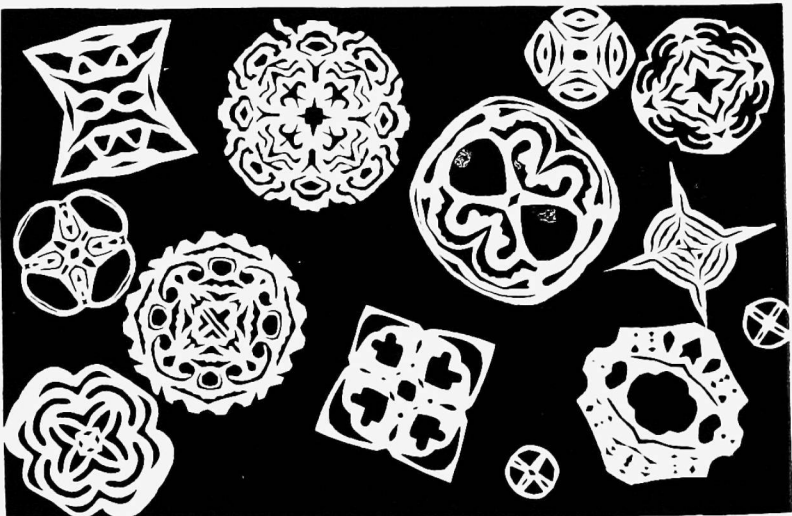
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ART CREDITS

1. ELIZABETH NELLES.....	V A
2. CINDY GILBRIDE.....	VI B
3. MARY JERVIS READ.....	VI A
4. ELAINE KREDL .....	VI B
5. CLAUDIA LEVESQUE.....	V B
6. DIANE CROUSE.....	V B



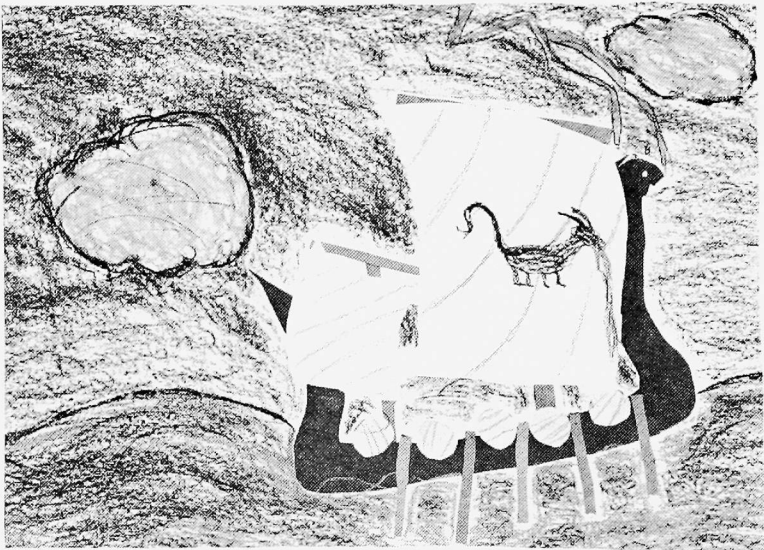
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### CHOIR REPORT - 1966-67

The King's Hall Choir comprised twenty-five robed and six unrobed members, who sang Sunday service at St. James' Church, Compton, and represented the school at other churches on various occasions. The Junior Choir consisted of twenty girls from the lower grades. Few people were aware of the presence of this group until they took such an active part in the choir programme this year.

Saturday and Sunday mornings were the times set aside for weekly choir practices. Every Monday evening, also, the Senior Choir met for half-an-hour of extra practice. On Tuesday mornings the school assembled for choral singing. None of this would have been possible without the direction of Miss Bennett.

We learned new hymns, psalms, and anthems to be used throughout the year. The choir sang an anthem, unaccompanied, at the Service of the Laying of the Cornerstone, November 8th. On Friday, December 10th, the Senior Choir sang a combined Confirmation and Eucharist service at St. Stephen's Church, Coaticook. The Christmas season once again took the Senior Choir out into the cold of early morning to sing carols under the girls' windows, stirring up the Christmas spirit in all.

Two Christmas recitals were presented in the school this year. The first was held on December

11th in the Prep Hall. The room was filled with the singing of French and Spanish carols as well as a variety of carols from all over the world. The choir once again stood robed in the glass passage as the girls and Staff passed through. On the following night, as the school gathered in the lounge, the voice of Elizabeth Nelles singing "Once in Royal David's City" could be heard in the distance before the choirs came in procession down the front stairs. The choirs then led a carol service in which the rest of the school took part. We do hope that it was enjoyed by everyone. On February 5th the Senior Choir sang a Baptism and Eucharist service at St. George's Church, Lennoxville. The Ladies' Guild very kindly served us luncheon afterwards. On March 19th, the music students and choirs presented a concert. The whole school was able to join in some of the songs. The variety of the programme appealed to all.

Both choirs would like to take this opportunity of expressing their thanks and deep appreciation to Miss Bennett for all the time, energy, and care that she has given. We know that those leaving the choirs this year will take with them many happy memories. Those who are remaining with the choirs next year, "Keep spitting."

BETSY ANDRAS, JARMAINE SMITH, Matric.

# Literary





# MATRIC. LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

BETSY ANDRAS:.....My bulgy eyes and inhaler to Cindy Dunlop.  
 DAPHNE ARICHALD:....My bands to any scrap metal company that will take them.  
 JANE BOWEN:.....My phenomenal hips to Raquel Shalom.  
 GINNY CALL:.....My nocturnal reservation to anyone in need.  
 BIBS CAMPBELL:.....My slump to Dee-dee Laurie.  
 MARY CONDUIT:.....My oxfords to Gigi Darricades.  
 ANN ESDALE:.....My nose to Cassius Clay.  
 BETSY JOHNSTON:.....My Stanstead pennant to Kathy Winsor.  
 NANCY KEYES:.....My Stanstead shirt to Kathy Winsor.  
 HEATHER McALPINE:..My Latin scholarship to Jane Meagher.  
 ROBYN MACDUFF:.....My 'torpedes' to Billy Johnston.  
 MARGOT MAGEE:.....My needle nose to the Singer Sewing Machine Company.  
 ROBIN MARSHALL:.....My outstanding powers of concentration to Peggy Tilley.  
 ANN McINNES:.....My eyebrows to Harris Tweed Weavers.  
 SHEANA MEYERS:.....My meticulousness to Mademoiselle Cailteux.  
 SARITA MODIANO:.....My purple and white shirt to Stanstead, and my red and white jumper to B.C.S.  
 CYNTHIA MOFFATT:....My "Elvis" records to Miss Loader.  
 JAN PARKE:.....My sense of humour to Mademoiselle Lecours.  
 MARGIE PATERSON:....My tank suit to next year's Matrics.  
 JEANNIE PATON:.....My hair to Barb Carnon.  
 MARY SUE PHILPOTT:..My maroon sweater to Miss Stickney.  
 PENNY PORTEOUS:.....My legs to Twiggy.  
 JILL RANKIN:.....My McGill jacket to Marie des Groseillers.  
 ROZ. RAYMOND:.....My skiing technique to Kathy Harpur.  
 PAULINE ROBERTS:.....My pigeon toes to Gigi Darricades.  
 CHRIS SINCLAIR:.....My C.P.R. pass to Donald Gordon.  
 FELICITY SMITH:.....My willpower to stay on a diet to Raquel Shalom.  
 JAR SMITH:.....My Confederate money — for "The South shall rise again" — to Nora Cook.  
 DEBBIE THOMPSON:....My golden lyre to Mr. Roberts.  
 GAY VERNON:.....My accent to Mademoiselle Lecours.  
 KAREN WESTHOFF:.....My Venezuelan dancing abilities to Miss Loader.

## THE MATRIC CLASS

### PEOPLE

People are hypocrites,  
 Fawning and praising,  
 While in the soul rancid hate raising—

People are jealous,  
 Wishing and wanting,  
 Malicious envy their senses haunting—

And yet People are Love,  
 Hoping and sharing,  
 Showing — sometimes — the need for  
     caring.

KAREN WESTHOFF, Matric.

◆ ◆ ◆

### AND IT IS GONE

A moonbeam  
 Sifted by muslin curtains  
 Bathing the earth in silver moonlight!  
 Come morning  
 And it is gone.

A snowflake  
 Drifting down from the heavens  
 White and exquisitely patterned!  
 Come spring  
 And it is gone.

A life—  
 A tempest of strong emotion—  
 Love, hate, happiness, misery!  
 Come death  
 And it is gone.

JEAN PATON, Matric.

### THE FASCINATION OF THE SEA

Breakers pounding on a rocky shore, the surge and kiss of waves on a sandy beach — these are sounds familiar to many people. The sea holds an unending fascination for me; it has an infinite variety of moods, an endless pattern of change. When I think of it in the early morning, the tide is low and the sand is cold and damp to my feet. The sea is a very dark, deep blue, a cold blue, for it too, has not yet been warmed. The water laps gently at the exposed sand; the breakers will come later when the tide comes in once more. At the moment the sea has receded almost as far as it ever does, leaving hundreds of shell-fish — crushed and whole, alive and dead, washed up and drying in the sun. The wooded hill behind the beach is still shrouded in a misty haze and fog is rising from the little fresh-water lake at the bottom. Nothing is stirring and the sun is still low on the horizon.

At noon the sea has entered another mood, depending on the day. Perhaps there will be a strong breeze blowing, the sun high and brilliant and hard, giving the sand a blinding white glare. Gulls and terns wheel above my head, their mournful cries carried far by the wind and heard only as an echo. If I am lucky I may see a seal which has ventured close to shore playing just beyond the breakers. The tide is coming up fast over the hot sand, breakers curling high, and the breeze whipping up whitecaps out to sea. There may be a white-sailed yacht sliding gracefully past, bouncing lightly over the waves. On a stormy day the scene is very different. The breakers rise well above my head, and boom and crash onto the beach as if they sought to split the sands forever. A high gale whips huge waves out to sea, and the offshore islands are almost obscured by fog and by the waves breaking in clouds of white spume on their barren rocks. Red warning flags stand straight out on the staff at the Coast Guard station — no yachts will venture out on a day like this. Fog obscures the hill, and the fog-horn blares its warning, the sound carrying across the water. An occasional gull or tern appears through the fog, but most birds have sought shelter long ago. I stand on the beach, totally insignificant in the warring forces of nature around me, a tiny speck in the wild universe.

At evening the mood has changed again. In my mind it is always quiet; the tide is once more low, and the wind has died to an occasional whispering breeze. The sun is only a short distance above the western horizon and casts purple shadows along the dunes. This is my favourite time for crossing

the sand-bar to the nearest off-shore island, a bar exposed only at low tide. As I climb up, first I cross rocks completely covered with gleaming wet seaweed, and then with close-packed mussel colonies, until I reach the bare granite warm from the sun. A little farther on a thin layer of dry soil covers the rock, and tough, wiry grass manages to survive, growing up over the crest of the island and down the other side. My favourite thinking spot is on this far side — a flat rock, just beyond reach of the breakers. Below me the rocks shelve very steeply, and only a few feet away heaves the deep, dark, blue-green ocean. It stretches away to the horizon, the line broken only by a single mound-shaped island, surrounded by treacherous reefs and rightly nicknamed the Alcatraz of the Maine coast. It is surmounted by a lighthouse and tower and a few scattered houses, kept in contact with the world only by the weekly Coast Guard supply boat. The sun bathes the scene in a soft golden glow, and here I will stay until the tide begins to return, for otherwise I will be cut off and have to spend the night on these rocks.

As I gaze round me I am struck by the insignificance of one mortal in contrast to the majesty of the sea. Millions upon millions of years ago the sea was formed when the earth was still young and man had not yet begun his existence. It has worn smooth the rock where I am sitting. It has taken eons of time to grind the fine powdery sand on the beach. It has piled up the sand of the bar to form this island, and may remove it once more, so that next year the geese will be the only visitors. It has claimed countless ships, from frail Indian canoes to Spanish galleons to shell-riddled warships of modern times. Men have been born and have fought and lived and loved and died on these waters. Above me, on the highest point of this island, is a tiny monument to a college boy who would have graduated this year had he lived. He was drowned while saving one of his class-mates who fell into the water just near where I am sitting. To me, each day in the life of the sea represents the life of a man; in the morning his sun is low, his life quiet and peaceful as he grows up. At noon he reaches his time of power — whether it be a quiet, well-organized period of contentment and often happiness, or a time of deep mental conflict and warring forces around him. In the evening he is once more quiet, his energy spent, thinking back over the events of his life. Always, at the end is the crossing of the bar.

PAULINE ROBERTS, Matric.

## THOUGHTS IN THE NIGHT

The Room was dark,  
 A heavy dark, a smothering dark,  
 An unbearable dark.  
 At the pull of a cord  
 Light swept in,  
 Filtering and casting light  
 To the corners of the room.  
 Others slept.  
 Not I.

Staring out into the night  
 And thinking back,  
 Depression swept me.  
 And then the tears,  
 Many tears, painful tears,  
 Scalding tears  
 From an aching soul.  
 Others slept.  
 Not I.

Pining for the one I miss,  
 Wondering how  
 So great a love  
 Was unreturned,  
 A stinging love, a burning love,  
 A futile love  
 For one who does not care.  
 Others slept.  
 Not I.

Praying, begging for some relief  
 From the suffering  
 Of shattered heart.  
 And now the One  
 The One who cares  
 For all who suffer in the world  
 Instills in me  
 The one thing left,  
 Hope.

A trembling hope, a wondrous hope,  
 A desperate hope,  
 That another being  
 May spark anew  
 Another love,  
 An enchanted love, a blissful love,  
 A contented love,  
 By the furnace of his own.  
 Others slept.  
 Not I.

Lying now in quietude  
 The mind's turmoil abated,  
 A peace descends,  
 A tranquil peace, a serene peace,  
 A complete peace  
 Of someone who finds  
 Faith.  
 Others slept.  
 As I.  
 ROBIN MARSHALL, Matric.

## AN INCIDENT

Snow was drifting lazily down from the sky and the sharp air nipped red into my cheeks as I waited at the bus stop. I was on my way downtown to shop with a friend since there were "Only three more shopping days 'til Christmas!"

Finally the bus came around the corner and I hopped on, tossed a dime in the box and strolled to the back. Late shoppers crowded the bus but I managed to find a seat next to an attractive looking girl who seemed to be about seventeen or eighteen. I am not the type who usually strikes up a conversation with a stranger on a bus, but she appeared to be nice and since I was bored I thought I would try.

"You are going Christmas shopping?", I asked.

She turned her head from the window through which she seemed to be gazing, and looking at me with a pleasant smile replied, "Why yes, I love to go downtown at Christmas and I still have a couple of things I need to buy."

She was a very warm person and I liked her immediately. Through the duration of the ride, we must have talked about everything under the sun. She had finished high school; she liked skirts about four inches above the knee, and I cannot even start to remember all the other topics we discussed.

"Sherbrooke Street!" called the bus driver. The girl started and exclaimed, "This is my stop, I'm meeting a friend here."

I got up quickly to let her out. She stooped over and picked up a white cane along with her purse.

Although she had her back to me she must have sensed my watching her; as she was going by, she turned to me and said, "I guess I didn't tell you, I lost my sight in a car accident two years ago — Good-bye." With this she waved gaily and inconspicuously felt her way off the bus.

As the bus was pulling away I gazed out of the window and saw a very nice looking young man run up to her, and hand-in-hand they disappeared into the hustle and bustle of the crowd.

JEAN PATON, Matric.



## A PAGAN DAWN

Night's velvet shroud unfolds itself  
 From Ge's bestirring form.  
 Aurora in her floating robe,  
 Wondrous pastel-hued,  
 Anoints the Mother's eyes  
 With dewdrops light;  
 Her honour-task for eons past;  
 Then fast to eastern gates  
 Leads forth Apollo's auric car.  
 His horses with their bridles wrapt  
 Around proud arched necks  
 Step out and soon outpace  
 The wafting mists — the shroud  
 Of moribund night,  
 And leave behind Eos' multicoloured path,  
 Set forth to guide their first unsteady steps.  
 The Helian god — a lovely thing—  
 Cries them on, exulting in  
 The golden tasks ahead.  
 Mel-toned birds  
 Salute the rising earth;  
 While flowers sweet, their petals  
 Freshly bathed in dew,  
 Are a paeon of ambrosial beauty  
 The tune too low and pure  
 To issue from a mortal throat.  
 Zephyr wanders hither  
 To bestow on's daughter, fair Anemone,  
 A vague and sibilant kiss.  
 Now a soft and sussurous sound arises  
 As nocturnal nymphs  
 And godlings nectar-sated  
 Creep to their diurnal beds  
 And on their yielding couches,  
 Made of herbs and silken grasses,  
 All entwined in warm embrace,  
 They sink into the arms of sleep  
 Until the flutes of Pan  
 Their wild and swirling call begin  
 And nightly revels start again.  
 Now rosy-heeled dryads issue forth  
 To coax the bestial forest dwellers out  
 From lairs all leaden from the night-long sleep  
 To breathe the scent of perfumed day.  
 Now the work is done.  
 The earth's awake  
 And a pagan day begun.

JANE BOWEN, Matric.

## A GIFT FOR REMEMBRANCE

As soon as I entered the kitchen I could see that something was wrong. The taut expression and anxiety on my mother's face were obvious at a glance. Tara was the first thing to come to my mind. Tara was my horse and just about the most important thing in my life. She was particularly prominent in my mind just then as she was due to foal in about three weeks. I took off my things in silence — too frightened to ask what was wrong. Suppose it was some bad news to do with the family — or maybe a friend of my parents had died. Mum's unsuccessful attempts to smile and to overcome the strained silence became too much. The wave of desperation enveloping Mum suddenly overcame me. I grabbed the jacket I had just hung up and started towards the door. My mother's sharp voice startled me.

"Don't go, Sheila, please —! Stay here; there's nothing you can do! Your father and Bill are doing their best! — Please stay —!"

"Then it is Tara!" I cried. What has happened to her?"

Mum had reached the door now and stood facing me with her hands on my shoulders. "Yes, it is Tara, but I assure you that there is nothing you can do. Please sit down and wait until your father comes up from the barn—"

"No! — I have to go down! Please, Mum — I have to see her — I have to know — please!"

My mother, still restraining me, drew in her breath and said slowly, "Sheila — Tara fell in the pasture today and hurt herself quite badly. She is having her foal prematurely. We can't do too much for her and Dr. Jo is on a trip somewhere and can't be located. He's expected back any second now! I'm so sorry, dear — We're doing everything we can—"

I tore from my mother's grasp and rushed blindly to the door, my eyes filling with resentful and frightened tears. I started running towards the barn, but stopped halfway with a horrible thought. Suppose Tara was already — gone! This idea immediately brought on a flood of silent pleas and wonderful memories. The tears ran unchecked down my cheeks. **Why** would God take her away from me? **Why** was she the one to fall and get hurt? I made desperate vows to be so good and to work so hard if only God would let her live! Cherished memories flooded my mind, and I could not stop crying. I found myself in the pasture going to Tara's and my favourite spot. I went to the large flat rock in the middle of the

small grassy grove. Gracious pine trees completely enclosed me and shut out the rest of the world. I felt free from restraining arms and sympathetic faces. I sat with my eyes closed and my head resting on my knees, trying not to succumb to the deep ache in the bottom of my heart.

I began to realize that it would be better if I did go to the barn and try to help. It was not through any fault of Mum, Dad or Bill that she had been hurt and I should not make it harder for them. After all, God must have a reason for everything He does, and even if Tara should be gone from the physical earth she would still be present spiritually as far as I was concerned.

I lifted my heavy head and was suddenly awe-stricken by the beautiful sunset slowly sinking below the tops of the trees surrounding me. The whole western horizon glowed with a soft red colour drifting slowly to lighter shades of rose and finally from light pink to the deep blue that precedes the dark of night. I sat completely oblivious of everything except amazing tranquillity at witnessing one of God's silent scenes of beauty. Very slowly night crept in and the blanket of darkness was tucked behind the distant mountains on the horizon. Bitterness had left me and all I felt was a need to face whatever the worst might be. I suddenly realized that my parents were probably terribly worried about me.

I became more frightened as I approached the barn, but my spirit was definitely lightened and I was prepared for what was beyond that door. I stopped with my hand on the door-handle. Inside was a type of reality, something crowded with cares and unexplained happenings, something that was seldom overcome by the sacred tranquillity I had just known in one of God's unpredictable revelations. The muffled sound of voices and of horses moving peacefully about in their stalls, combined with the light and the compelling knowledge that inside was life, warmth and possibly even relief, drew me inside.

Dad had been about to open the door when I entered, and it was with a grateful sigh that he hugged me. After a moment of silence he put his hand under my chin and raised my head.

"Tara's gone, Sheila. I'm sorry — but we were too late. She didn't suffer too much, though, and she didn't go without leaving you a gift to remember her by. Come and I'll show you."

He turned around and led me to the large box stall that is used for brood mares. The large wooden door opened, allowing a flood of light to enter and reveal Tara's gift. It took a moment

for my eyes to become accustomed to the shadows, but I finally made out a small four-legged figure standing forlornly in a corner. Everything but the lonely little foal in the empty stall became non-existent for me. I did not see the tired but happy smile of relief on Dad's face, nor do I remember how I made my way across the stall. All I could see and feel were those large brown eyes, unsure but very curious and trusting, drawing me slowly towards him. He was the most beautiful colt I had ever seen. His coat was soft and fuzzy, with deep blood bay roots already showing. It demanded almost more control than I had to keep myself from rushing over and hugging him, but my patience was rewarded when it was he who took the last step separating us. His small searching tongue licking my fingers was an instant seal of a bond between us — a bond that would grow and bring us a constant friendship and many happy hours together in the days and years to come.

GINNY CALL, Matric.

### ODE OF DEPARTURE

I have to say good-bye, my love,  
To appease my yearning heart.  
I have to leave and start again,  
To find a love that can dwell with me,  
To live as a gypsy gay,  
To be able to run  
In fields, free to feel  
The wild wind toss my hair  
And burn and bite my face.  
This restless soul could not  
Be tamed by yours.

I tried to live as you, my love,  
But the winds of eternity  
Called and beckoned to me.  
I know your love was true  
But I cannot return  
The love you gave.  
I must be free from your arms,  
Your embrace that held me so close,  
Your lips that kissed me so often,  
Your love that bound me to you.

I hear a distant voice calling  
Me like angels in the night.  
I see the sacred dove descending  
Bidding me to leave your heart.  
I must close my eyes, my love;  
They grow heavy and the world is dark.  
I am gone forever into the arms of another.

BETSY ANDRAS, Matric.

## A WALK IN THE PARK

When I was a little girl the most wonderful thing that could happen to me was to have my father take me for a walk in the park after dinner on Sunday afternoon. The snow glistened on every tree and bush — the whole world was the bigness of my father's hand holding my own very small one, and the flurry of snowflakes that my dog kicked up behind him as he plummeted through the snowbanks. When I was very small my father pulled me behind him on a little toboggan with a bright green mattress that I rode on like Cleopatra aboard her golden barge. I would lie flat on my stomach, my chin propped up between my hands, watching what was behind us — the snow, the dogs, the other children, and, best of all, the policeman on his big horse. As I got older the Sundays at the park changed. There was a year of Sundays when there was no dog running beside me, no flurry of snowflakes. My mother told me he was in the dog-heaven — so I knew he was a dog-angel, and I would think sometimes about him, wondering how he would look with wings, and if he could really fly.

Then I had to give up my place of honour on the toboggan to a stranger, someone I hadn't invited to join my father and me on our walks. She was someone with a pink face wrapped in a white bunting bag, who sat like a jelly in a seat strapped to the old toboggan. I had to run to keep up, striding along from one of the big imprints of my father's boots to the next.

After a while the stranger became a friend; she smiled all the time, and even though it was a toothless smile, I thought it was the prettiest I'd ever seen. Soon we were both walking beside my father, the small one very unsteadily of course, but this made me feel very grown up since I had to keep an eye on her. Later we ran through the snow at what seemed a breakneck speed, and then at every dip in the path we would jump onto the toboggan we pulled behind us, for the exhilarating run which I am sure was never more than four feet.

We had another dog by this time — a soft red pup with floppy ears. He didn't stay like that for long however; soon he was a clumsy, long-legged monster with an off-beat sense of humour. He would run ahead of us, jumping through the snow like a jackrabbit, and would suddenly turn and charge towards the smallest thing in sight — usually my little sister. This always produced hysteria on my sister's part, and a scornful expression in the soft brown canine eyes. That seems a long time ago. Now my youngest sister is building up these memories for herself and I hope they'll be as wonderful as mine.

FELICITY SMITH, Matric.

## UN CAUCHEMAR

Hier soir, j'ai eu un cauchemar extraordinaire. Tout ce rêve n'a duré que quelques instants mais, à moi, il m'a paru interminable.

"Donnez-moi de l'eau! Je veux de l'eau!"

Ce cri, que je répétraï plusieurs fois, fit sursauter la pauvre Anne, qui dort dans la même chambre que moi. Quoiqu'elle ne fût pas endormie, je l'avais fait tressaillir de peur.

Comme elle insistait pour savoir ce que j'avais rêvé, je lui racontai l'aventure que je venais d'avoir durant mon sommeil.

Je me trouvais dans le Sahara. Monté sur un chameau et accompagné de mon ami, le colonel Ivanhoe, et de soldats, il me fallait retrouver une bande de brigands. Nous voyagions depuis dix jours dans cet aride désert, où la chaleur était intolérable. Le sable s'étendait à perte de vue; il nous entourait, aride, désolé et effrayant dans son immensité — vaste étendue, desséchée par les rayons brûlants d'un soleil impitoyable.

Soudain, le colonel Ivanhoe s'exclama: "Mon Général, ne voyez-vous pas ce nuage là-bas?" "Oui, mon Colonel, allons-y." A ces mots, je levai mon sabre et me mis à faire galoper mon chameau.

Dans le tumulte et la confusion, j'étais tombé de ma monture, mais personne ne s'en était aperçu. Comme on se sent seul dans une telle situation! Moi, j'étais épouvanté, affolé, pris de panique. Je me sentais impuissant, sans aucune ressource ni appui.

Je me levai et repris mon chemin. Je marchai et me traînai jusqu'à ce que je n'en pusse plus. A chaque pas, ma soif devenait de plus en plus terrible. Le soleil, le sable et la chaleur, tout m'étourdissait. Tout à coup, un homme surgit de derrière des rochers et m'offrit un verre d'eau mais, quand je voulus le prendre, il s'éloigna de moi, ce qui me fit pousser ce cri: "Donnez-moi de l'eau! Je veux de l'eau." C'est alors que je me suis réveillée.

KAREN WESTHOFF, Matric.

## MY THREE WISHES

As I opened my book containing thoughts for each day, I somehow knew that today's thought would require more than my usual light consideration. I turned the page and this question stared me in the face: "What would you wish if you were granted three wishes?" Of course, in accordance with human nature, my first considerations were wholly selfish. It would be nice to be married and have children, to be very wealthy and live in an enormous mansion surrounded by servants, or, perhaps, even to live on some far-off southern island. Could I, though, be truly happy and content with these things if the world around me remained unchanged?



I thought seriously about the poor and needy and my mind wandered back to times when I had driven through the slum areas of cities. The old tumbledown red brick apartments — the paint peeling off their green doors, and the curtains in the windows tattered and grey from the smoke of the city — have made an everlasting impression on my mind. Children are playing in the streets, a lost and hungry child lies down on the sidewalk, thin and sickly-looking cats prowl through the garbage which lines the alleys. Poverty cannot be escaped. Its faces are in every magazine you pick up. "Little Sue Wong was found outside her home in a narrow alley-way. Her mother had just died in childbirth and her father could not be found. Many children like her will die if they are not given your help." Recently I saw a man outside a shop begging. He had lost both legs and was shivering in the cold. I realized that it was not fair that so many are poor, not because they deserve to be, but just because it is that way. The abolition of poverty would perhaps bring an end to stealing and murder and even create a greater belief in God. Therefore my first wish would be that all men might have equal opportunities and that wealth might be shared equally by all.

My second thoughts were that suffering and starvation are often caused by war. Would it not be more satisfactory if we could settle our differences over a council table instead of shedding our blood on a battlefield? The destructions of war are numberless. Not only does it destroy men's bodies; it also damages their minds so that to them life seems scarcely worth living, for they are shadowed by the lives they have taken. My second wish would be that man might live in peace with his fellow-man.

My third wish would be that one day all people might know and love God. Perhaps through Him these first two wishes would then come true.

CYNTHIA MOFFAT, Matric.

### TO BE IN LOVE

The word is used  
By one and all.  
What does it mean?  
What is "to fall  
In love"?

To say it once  
And then forget —  
To say it once  
And then regret —  
Is not love.

Each one knows  
When it is there,  
But will it stay?  
Is it fair  
To fall in love?

To forget all time  
And all reality —  
To be so enwrapped  
In what he  
Has to say —

Spend all your life,  
Give all you have,  
To make him happy.  
This is what it needs —  
This is what it means —  
To be in love.

BETSY JOHNSTON, Matric.

### THE MEMORY

It was dark when Mary entered her mother's room; she had come to fetch the dress her aunt had left on the bed. It had been almost two weeks since the death of her mother, which was a blessing in disguise for she had been so ill. In the dimness of the candlelight, Mary could distinguish with difficulty the outline of the old furniture. As she gazed in the darkness searching for the dress, she found herself recollecting the room as it had been before the death of her mother. She remembered how her mother lay day after day in the big mahogany bed slowly becoming weaker and weaker, her long black silky hair glistening in the sunlight which beamed through a casement window on the other side of the room, and how it fascinated her mother to watch the beautiful colours created by a sunbeam shining on the many prisms which hung from candle holders on the dressing table. She remembered the loneliness on her mother's face when she was alone, and the joy when her friends came to see her and chat with her, making her feel she had not been forgotten. She would always remember the happiness on her mother's face when Jane, her little granddaughter, brought her a picture she had made at school, and how she hung it beside her bed so as to see it all the time.

These things and many others Mary would never forget; then suddenly, she was brought back to reality by a voice calling from downstairs. She gazed around once again, then blowing out the candle, she stole softly from the room.

PENNY PORTEOUS, Matric.

### BESIDE THE STILL POOL

A few days ago I went for my usual afternoon walk in the woods. This time, however, I decided to go to the quiet little pool where I had not been for a long time. I sat down by the pool on the cool grass and thought happily of the pleasant days which I had spent here with the three Raven children when I was a child. This made me think of the night I arrived at Highlands.

I had been sitting in the dusty train for five hours, not knowing exactly where I was going or who was to meet me. I was bewildered and terribly nervous, for during the nine years of my life I could never remember going anywhere or doing anything without a whole group of children and a supervisor. This was almost the first time in my life that I was not wearing a St. Dennis Orphanage uniform of grey and white. I had on a new checked dress with a coat which fit me, and gloves made of genuine leather (it said that on the tag). I was now alone in the world and on my own, an individual.

"Suppose no one is there to meet me?" I thought. "Suppose the family does not like me?" "What will it be like to live in a family?"

All these questions raced through my head as I stared at the snow which was falling in big flakes. This journey had all been planned when a Mr. Raven had come to the orphanage asking for me. He had been my father's greatest friend in the war and had been searching for me ever since my father had been killed, when I was two, and my mother had died shortly afterwards. Since then I had lived in St. Dennis Orphanage in Northern Ontario. These last five hours on the train had seemed an eternity to me.

At last the train started to slow down. My heart was beating terribly fast, and I felt a hollow in the pit of my stomach.

"Timmins!" cried the conductor, opening the doors and motioning me to come.

I was trembling as I stepped off the train, and I didn't know which way to go. A strong hand reached out and took my arm, relieving me of my suitcase.

"Hello Myra," said a deep, kind voice. "I'm Mr. Raven. Did you have a good journey? It has been awfully cold here, and it is snowing hard. I think we're in for a blizzard. Come, the car is over here."

I followed him, feeling weak with relief that he had found me. "Myra, this is Charlie," said Mr. Raven, as a man got into the front, a small grey-haired man with a gentle face. I held out my hand

and he gave it a warm, hearty shake. I thought how nice and real he was.

"Glad to meet you, Miss." He smiled and I noticed that his accent was very different from what I was used to hearing.

The drive seemed long to me for I was anxious, and it was very blizzardy. Mr. Raven talked cheerfully, mostly to Charlie but occasionally to me.

"Here we are," he said at last. "These are the gates which lead into Highlands and the drive goes up past the tennis courts and bowling green to the front door."

It was beautiful! We drove up the long, smooth winding road, where the lights shone over the tree tops. The trees themselves were large and snow sprinkled. They seemed to say, "Welcome, Myra." I could not take my eyes off them. This must be a dream; I would wake up in the orphanage. When the car glided to a stop I had no time to be afraid, for a lady rushed out of the house and down the steps.

She gave me a big hug, exclaiming, "Myra, I'm so glad you have finally come to us. Do come inside. You must be frozen."

I followed her up the broad stone steps into a huge hall, where hung portraits of men with long swords and ladies in beautiful dresses. The lights from a chandelier were shining brightly.

"There, let me look at you. You are very like your mother. I knew her quite well, you know. We lived together for a time during the war, but we were both moved so much we lost contact with each other."

Mr. and Mrs. Raven led me into a large living room, where a tall blond boy came forward.

"Hello, Myra," he said shyly. "I'm Jim; this is Dereck and this is Rachel."

A younger boy and girl came and greeted me, though both were older than I was. They had dark hair and friendly faces.

"There is some hot chocolate for us here," said Dereck, pointing to a tray with four identical mugs, full of steaming liquid.

"Come and sit here," Rachel invited, patting a cushion on the sofa.

I felt as if I were going to burst with joy, the Ravens were all so nice. It did not take me long to become a member of the family.

As I sat looking at the pool I remembered that first evening as if it were yesterday. Now I am the mistress of Highlands, for I married Jim and live here with him and our two children.

BARBARA CAMPBELL, Matric.

### THE BOY'S PRAIRIE

With acknowledgments to W. O. Mitchell's **Who Has Seen the Wind**.

As I look over the great expanse of earth  
I can see the prairie  
Where Nature seems to have death and birth  
As harsh and cruel  
As ever God meant them to be.

The wind follows its ever-winding path  
Across the rippling grass,  
Across the pastures where the cattle stand listless  
Feeling its strength  
Yet welcoming its cooling relief.

As the sun rises, a small frightened boy  
Appears alone and sad  
Walking on his land to find needed hope,  
Wondering if here  
He will be able to get closer to God.

He looks so small on this great land!  
His wishes are insignificant  
Compared to those of the boundless world.  
Yet God will hear  
And He will surely answer.

I can see him much closer now;  
His hair is as  
Tossed by the wind as his thoughts  
Are tossed in his mind.  
Is his prayer worth hoping for? Will God listen?

The little figure is now bent in prayer;  
His eyes shut  
And his hands fumbling with a withered leaf.  
His mouth is moving!  
He must believe. "I know God will hear."

He is standing now and I can see him  
Slowly walking away.  
His tear-stained face is filled with rays of hope,  
His lips smiling,  
As he is warmed by the closeness of God's love.

The wind slowly rises, tossing the tumbleweed  
To and fro.  
Here is the prairie — the last common  
denominator of Nature,  
Wild and untamed —  
Yet God is so close here even the small are heard.

BETSY ANDRAS, Matric.

### BEHIND MUSLIN CURTAINS

The curtains waved sadly in a broken window of the tiny house. The wind forced them to dance from side to side in unbelievably sad grace. At the same time the sun brought gladness down to the whole earth, that is, to all except these sad gray muslin curtains.

Behind this forlorn veil — a child was heard to laugh. Then silence — and then a cry. It seemed that everything screened by these curtains was unhappy.

A young woman's voice was heard comforting the child's cries, and as soon as they had stopped there was silence again, a silence that seemed never to want to end, a very depressed silence.

CRASH! An ear-splitting sound crushed the already oppressed silence. An explosion! The baby cried and the mother screamed. The curtains were sucked into the window with a force that nearly unfastened their sturdy runners. A gust of smoke made the drapes even grayer than they had been formerly. The screams and cries continued until all of a sudden there was silence again, cut only by the crackling fire that enveloped the house.

Those curtains were red with flames, then blue, and now, finally, there were no curtains left, just a black hole — no young woman, no child, just a gaping hole, and no muslin curtains.

SHEANA MEYERS, Matric.

### IS THERE JUSTICE?

I do not understand this Life,  
This Life of right and wrong;  
If God had wished equality  
He could have made Man strong.

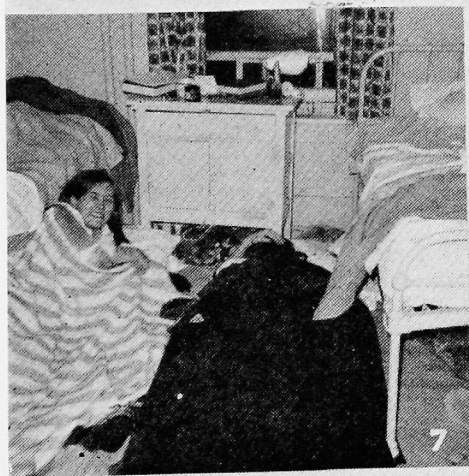
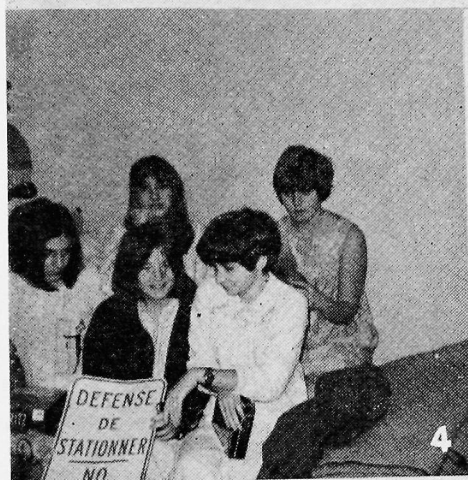
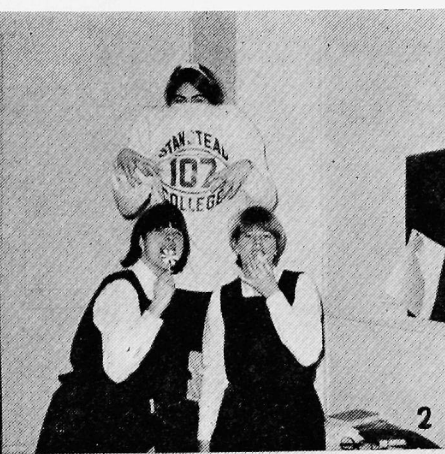
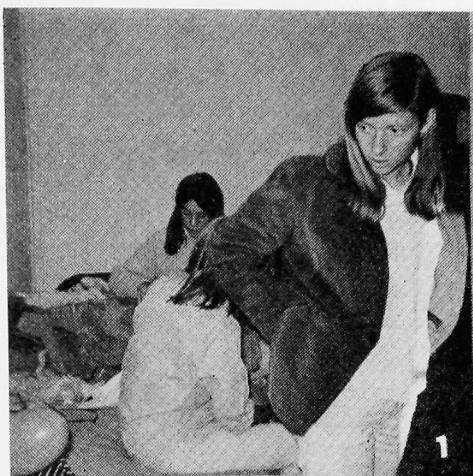
It seems unfair to punish them  
That had no choice of fate;  
Why should some, by chance, have all,  
And others always wait?

It makes me grieve to see a man  
Take pains to hurt another;  
If only he would hear the Word  
And know that man as Brother!

Perhaps it is that God can see  
That we must feel dismay;  
Without some sense of hopelessness  
We would have no need to pray.

GINNY CALL, Matric.





# CREDITS

1. "Check that rip!"..... R. SHALOM
2. "Little do they know"..... J. PATON
3. "— and then we had Baked Alaska and —"..... M. MAGEE
4. "Peut-être qu'elles ne comprennent pas"..... J. PATON
5. Snacks! ..... M. GRAHAM
6. Undernourished?..... N. COOK
7. "Visiting? Anyone?"..... J. PATON
8. Lady Clairol..... M. WILSON
9. That South American Influence..... M. GRAHAM
10. A Surprise Visit..... J. PATON
11. Ready for the Fashion Show..... M. MAGEE
12. Bobbing for Apples..... M. MAGEE
13. "Noah?" "Right!"..... M. MAGEE

### ORPHEUS' SONG

I seek the dark and lonely woods;  
 I find the sun too burning now.  
 The inner light is gone with her,  
 What good the outer glare?  
 My chants were charming once,  
 Filled with glad and happy notes;  
 Then even soulless animals  
 Found soul in my inspiring tunes.  
 Apollo, God of music, was my sire;  
 To me he gave these hands, this soul, this lyre.  
 I play for life and joy  
 And Zeus gave me Eurydice.  
 For her I sang and played;  
 She was my song;  
 And now she's dead; so how should I  
 Be musical when she took music with her?  
 But I can play — yes, I can play  
 An air so sad that tears are rent  
 From heartless stones,  
 And gods are wont to cry  
 And beg me quit my song.  
 But now I'll play  
 For sweet Eurydice,  
 My wife that used to be,  
 And maybe as the notes float off  
 They'll reach her as she drifts  
 In meadows fragrant  
 With Elysian blossoms;  
 And perhaps she'll hear the tune  
 And remember for one short minute  
 Who I am and what I was to her.

JANE BOWEN, Matric.

### QUELLE AVENTURE!

Je me promenais dans les bois. Ah! quelle belle journée c'était! Les oiseaux gazouillaient, ils semblaient s'appeler tout en sautillant de branche en branche. Les écureuils poussaient de petits cris, on aurait dit qu'ils voulaient reprocher leur gaité et leur frivolité à la gent ailée. Le soleil répandait sur la terre une lumière d'or et, tout le long du sentier, les animaux gambadaient.

Ravie par le chant mélodieux des oiseaux et la beauté de tout ce qui m'entourait, je ne remarquai pas que je m'étais engagée dans un chemin boisé, que je n'avais jamais vu jusqu'alors. Il présentait un aspect très différent des autres; il était plus mystérieux et l'herbe des talus plus verdoyante. Tout d'abord, cela m'amusa de suivre un nouveau sentier. J'éprouvais une sensation fort agréable d'explorer un lieu inconnu. Pourtant, malgré moi, je ressentais une sorte de crainte. Je me sentais coupable de me trouver là où j'étais. J'avais l'impression que cet endroit était sacré et que je n'avais

pas le droit de marcher dans ce chemin. Toutefois, poussée par une force inconnue, je continuai de poursuivre ma route tout en goûtant la splendeur de la nature. . . Soudain, je vis une bête. Elle bondit de sa tanière, furieuse et le poil hérissé; ses yeux, injectés de sang, me regardaient avec rage. Epouvantée, je voulus courir à toutes jambes pour rebrousser chemin et échapper à cette affreuse bête, mais je ne pus faire un seul pas. Je savais maintenant que ce sentier menait à ma perte. J'étais hypnotisée et par la beauté de la forêt, et par celle de la bête — une bête splendide, presque humaine. "Je m'appelle Festis," dit-elle en grognant.

Horriifiée par ce que j'allais faire, mais incapable de me retenir, je touchai Festis. Je vis alors ses yeux briller de haine et sentis ses griffes entrer profondément dans ma chair. Je ressentis une telle douleur, que je m'éveillai en criant. . .

Ce cauchemar m'effraye encore lorsque j'y songe. Je crois que je me souviendrai toute ma vie de la frayeur que j'éprouvais au moment où je me trouvais à la merci de ce monstre, incapable d'échapper à ses griffes, c'est pourquoi je me promets de ne plus jamais m'aventurer dans un sentier inconnu.

JANE BOWEN, Matric.

### REPENTANCE

"Forgive me, Lord, for what I have done,"  
 Thought the thief upon the cross.  
 "I hang here dying with Thy Son,  
 And my life has been a loss.

I see your one and only Child  
 Bearing the thorny crown.  
 He calmly looks on those below,  
 And His brow does bear no frown.

Oh, such great love this one Man shows!  
 Dear Lord, could I be like Him?  
 So kind and sure and love-bestowing,  
 As He hangs upon that limb.

The life-long end has been, for me,  
 To have all, — be rich and gay.  
 Oh my Lord, canst Thou forgive  
 A repentant man today?"

His body ached, his eyes grew dull,  
 No longer could he see,  
 But in his last moment on the earth  
 He knew he should be free.

For he heard the Son whisper nearby,  
 In a voice so quiet and sure —  
 That the thief that day would be  
 In Paradise, place of the pure.

SHEANA MEYERS, Matric.



## ON THE WORD DON'T

**Don't** is a word which haunts people throughout their lives. They either obey it and it seems to ruin their fun or they do not obey it and it ruins them.

It starts when as a child you are told "Don't sit in that wet patch on the floor," "Don't pull the cat's tail," and "Don't eat those poisonous berries; they are bad for your tummy." None of these things seem very important afterwards, but at the time it was fun to sit in that wet patch on the floor; when you are on the cat's level in life it is fun to pull his tail, and even if those berries did not taste very nice they were fun to eat and even more so because you were not allowed them. All these little things give a child pleasure, but many children grow up feeling that wherever they go and whatever they do there is always someone there to say "Don't."

School is perhaps the worst place for "Don't." Again small pleasures are denied. "Don't talk after lights out," "Don't wear earrings," "Don't play your gramophone now," and so on. These things although unimportant become oppressive and you never really understand the reason until afterwards.

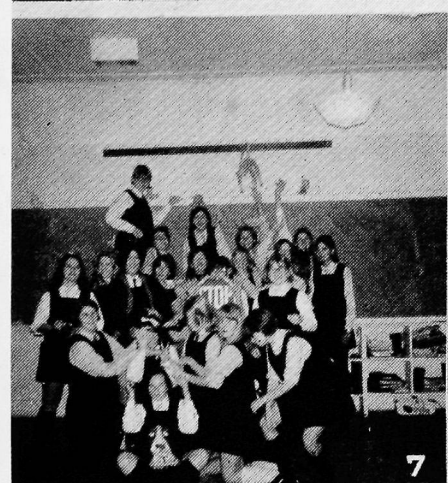
On leaving school you optimistically think that from now on you will be able to do anything you like, but there will always be restrictions from somewhere: your flat-mate, the rules of your residence and university, your parents and a bit later your husband or wife, children, the highway code and the laws of the land. "Don't" cannot be avoided.

However, what happens if "**Don't**" is disregarded? Will happiness be the result? You could continue to pull the cat's tail, eat poisonous berries, and, on the condition that you do not die, talk after lights out, play your record-player at the wrong time, and wear your hair all over your face. But, as you get bigger the "Don'ts" get bigger. You could go on to get drunk, to ruin your marriage and maltreat your children, to drive dangerously, committing manslaughter and even, through lack of self-control, murder. Thus you either "Don't" or you ruin yourself.

GAY VERNON, Matric.

## CREDITS

1. The Christmas Tree..... M. CRESSY
2. The Choristers..... J. PATON
3. Oh! Santa!..... N. COOK
4. Santa's Messenger..... M. CRESSY
5. VI B Christmas Party Guests..... M. CRESSY
6. Very Special Guests at the VI B Party..... M. CRESSY
7. VI B Form Party..... M. CRESSY
8. Christmas in 'Chez'..... C. MOFFAT







### VI A FORM REPORT

For the love of VI A here we sit — blank faces and blank minds gazing into oblivion and wondering, hoping, for the success of the Easter vacation and this report. Well, they always say that school is what you make it, and VI A “made it” in more ways than one.

During the first term our Form Captains were Kathy Harpur and Francine Sawdon, with Kathy Winsor in charge of sports. We took part in a number of educational activities in our leisure time. We not only attended concerts and plays outside the school, but met weekly for Current Events and Literature Club, while many of us sang in the choir and some were busy on the library committee. In the first term we also enjoyed volleyball, soccer, a little badminton and tennis, as well as vaulting club and a contest in which many participated.

Stanstead and B.C.S. were our hosts at two football dances and a tea dance. We terminated thirteen eventful weeks by doing the decorations for the Christmas party, where “Peanuts” was the life and soul of the occasion. We left for the vacation with the words of the Head Girl echoing in our ears. “Be good, and do what you cannot do at school!” All of us determined to obey her.

Vicky Oscarsson, Vicky Buchanan, and Susan Saunders were enlisted to help us welcome in the Centennial year, and they wasted no time in employing the artistic talents of all VI A's in doing decorations for the formal dance to be held in February. Although we spent most of our Saturdays working on decorations, we were very pleasantly interrupted on two afternoons and evenings when we went to successful carnivals at B.C.S. and Stanstead.

Tuesdays were looked forward to by VI A ski enthusiasts, for we were always taken over to Hillcrest by Miss Morris or Miss Keyzer. We thank them both for giving up so much of their spare time; without these Tuesday trips many skiers would have been very disappointed. A large number of VI A's entered the badminton tournament in the winter term, as well as participating in frequent inter-House volleyball matches, refereed by Miss Loader. Many entered the swimming meet also, and quite a large group registered for the Bronze Medallion life saving course.

A group of VI A's have been rehearsing Barrie's "Mary Rose," which they hope to produce early in April. Miss Morris, our Form Mistress, helped to broaden our general knowledge by giving some of her spare time every Wednesday evening to explain the world situation to us and enlighten us on Canadian politics. Not only did Miss Morris guide our Current Events discussions, but she attended our Form meetings — often at short notice — and gave us her advice whenever it was needed. We all thank her very much. Miss Gillard entertained us at Sunday afternoon tea in two groups, an event looked forward to and enjoyed by all. We anticipate tennis and numerous other activities — including Form parties — in the final term.

Well, VI A's, so ends another Form report, another term, and soon another year. We had a grand time being Form Captains of what we consider the best Form and the greatest group of kids ever.

VICKY BUCHANAN  
VICKY OSCARSSON  
SUSAN SAUNDERS  
KATHY HARPUR  
FRANCINE SAWDON  
KATHY WINSER

### THE NUN

A bell chimed out in the morning mist,  
Light was the sky, for night was done;  
The sun bent its rays and gently kissed  
The peaceful face of a praying nun.

The courtyard was still, not a sound in the air,  
Except for the splash of a fountain that played,  
And the song of a bird that was as fair  
As the words of the nun who knelt and prayed.

The flowers they opened their petals and stretched,  
The wind softly rustled the leaves on the trees;  
On a wall by the fountain a shadow was etched  
Of a nun, quietly praying to God on her knees.

FIONA ST. CLAIR, VI A.

### SILVER THREADS

I sat alone outside on the porch and it seemed very quiet and peaceful. I felt like adapting my pensive mood to the surroundings. From where I sat I could see the edge of shore and a vast blue eternity. The sandpipers darted about, and the seagulls looped their way through the grey-blue sky, occasionally dipping to make a ninety-degree landing on the water.

Suddenly my eyes caught sight of two butterflies. One was perched on some dunegrass, swaying with its motion; the other fluttered its way to the screen near where I was sitting. It looked at me and I looked at it, and we seemed to have made contact. I began studying its beautiful colour theme. Black was widely distributed over both its wings, with sharp contrasts of red and brilliant yellow sprinkled lightly on the edges. The butterfly had two long graceful tentacles which twitched and swayed with each body movement. Its body was rectangular-shaped except for a slight rounding at the end. The eyes, beady and inquisitive, were large and black in comparison with the body and reminded me of velvet ribbon.

Soon both butterflies were in the air. They fluttered past each other and seemed to confine themselves to one particular area. You could not detect any motive or pattern in their journey, but they probably indicated some pattern to each other by sign language or by the use of their tentacles. These butterflies were not like ordinary butterflies; they were too united. They reminded me of two tiny children holding one another's hands, watching out for each other and guiding each other along a path.

As I stood up to examine them more closely I noticed a spider web in which one of the butterflies had become hopelessly entangled; its wings were caught in the shiny thread-like trap. The other butterfly darted around and around trying to help, but it sensed that the situation was hopeless. The captive, however, flapped and struggled to free itself from the delicate silver fibres. I could not bear to stand by and watch their frustrations. Gently I tried to free the butterfly, but the web was tangled on its wings. I held each wing loosely, and by degrees removed the sticky thread.

Soon the trapped butterfly was free and both were together again. I felt as if I had accomplished something. They fluttered about almost as if to show their gratitude, but soon they departed and I curled up in my chair again.

FRANCINE SAWDON, VI A.

## HOME

As I walk down the hall  
My mind is far, far away  
To the end of the term  
When I will once again  
Be Home.

Home to the glowing fires  
And an atmosphere of love and kindness.  
There are no long dark passageways  
To wander down and contemplate,  
Only the short halls and large bright rooms.

At Home  
There is a time and a place for everything —  
Large fields to wander in,  
So large that all depressing thoughts  
Are swept away in the fragrant wind  
Or buried in the long flowing grass.

At Home  
There are massive woods  
About which one could wander  
Even for a year  
Without seeing the same sight twice,  
And at the same time  
Have a good glance at Nature herself.

At Home  
The huge barn roof  
Glowes in the sunset.  
Sounds from happy animals  
Fill the silent night air  
As another peaceful day comes to an end.

At Home  
One is never tied down.  
The never-ending line of fences  
Has no meaning.  
One could wander, whether it be  
In house, meadows, woods or darkness  
Without the threat of being late.

DALE ELLSON, VI A.

## A RAINY DAY FRIEND

When you were young what did you do on rainy days? No, I don't mean playing "Dress up," exploring the attic, building a fort in the middle of the living room, or anything like that. I mean what did you do after you had done all those messy, noisy things? What did you do when your mother was just about to go insane?

I'll tell you what I did. I never tired of doing it, much to my mother's joy! I always read "National Geographic" magazines. Besides being interesting and informative books, "National Geographics" are mother's life savers. I could become lost in their world instantly, and remain in it for hours. Our house had a mountain of "National Geographics." They were well treated; no one could even have scissors in the same room. Perhaps that was part of their spell. I could touch them and hold them; they weren't as revered as the Britannicas or other reference books, but they held a place far above "Jack and Jill," and "Children's Digest" which I could attack with shears any time I pleased.

"National Geographics" had their own worlds, thousands, even millions of miles away from mine. I could become anything I wanted to. Sometimes I was an explorer at the South Pole who played with penguins all day; I also explored space — I had to be the first to know if the moon was really green cheese. Lions and tigers fascinated me; I always thought I could tame one and bring it home from my jungle trip — my kitten was a bit lonely at times. The volumes I liked best were the ones that had stories about deep-sea diving. The pictures were always in the most beautiful colours, and in hues I had never seen before. The corals were weird, but they were exactly the right home for all the adorable striped fish. The people in the pictures just seemed to float along, making friends with all the fish. I think the very best of all articles were the ones about sunken treasure ships. They combined all the colours and fish and corals I loved, but they also had all the splendour and daring of pirates, with ships full of gold and beautiful things. I could picture myself as the most dashing and clever pirate of the Spanish Main, the one everyone feared, but somehow, secretly, also admired, and told tales about.

"National Geographics" were my silent friends, ones who always waited for me, and who never told my secrets and my dreams to anyone. We had a perfect relationship; we never quarrelled, and we were always good. But, over the years, we have grown apart — and now, when we meet, we are cordial, but the relationship is completely different. I'm not really sad about it, for we both have new friends, although, secretly, I'm sure we both think old friends are golden.

WENDY HONEY, VI A.



## THE CITY — IT LIES DEAD

The city lay dead, her past now present,  
For the strife of war had left its mark unpleasant  
Upon the people, whose faces, lined in sorrow,  
Were constantly struggling for a better tomorrow.

Upon the hills lay waste and rubble!  
No thought to preserve the once noble and humble,  
Who with spirit strong and strength uncowed  
"To save their freedom" had once justly vowed.

But why lie they still, not vested with power  
Against this cruel claw whose taste is so sour,  
Whose rule so demanding, whose morals so low?  
Because they lie dead unable to know.

The clay it is cracked, the structures are wrecked;  
Are these the great halls which once were bedecked  
With such splendour, such beauty; such content-  
ment shown,  
A place for the people, a place not unknown?

BELINDA KIRBY, VI A.

## WHY?

often i sit and wonder  
why am i here  
am i meant to change  
two million years of wrong  
or just try to make a rut and stay alive

can one insignificant life  
change a mass  
of decay and corruption  
on a planet too small  
to hold its burden of saints and sinners

is it possible that  
i may even think  
of undertaking a task  
failed by strong  
brave men when i am so weak and afraid

my innermost soul  
cries yes here is  
your chance to be  
someone do something  
but my weak body and mind will not let me

for i am only as  
strong as my faith  
and only as brave  
as my need  
so i sit and wonder why i am here.

PATRICIA ANDERSON, VI A.

## ALONE

It was a crisp autumn night. The ground was covered with a thick sheet of frost which sparkled with the reflection of the half moon. Some dark clouds floated by, making the sky darker in some spots.

As I slowly walked home I noticed how lonely the streets of the city looked late at night. The buildings seemed to loom up, closing me in. I did not know anybody — I did not care to. I wanted to remain a stranger, away from the gay world.

Lovers passed me laughing and talking, contented with life. I hated it. Why was life so unfair to me? The late restaurants were closing up for another night. The streets were almost deserted. I just wanted to think. My father and mother had been killed in an aeroplane accident a week before. My relations had comforted me; my friends were understanding, but what is a home without those two familiar faces? I can remember our family picnics every Sunday — No, I must not look back. Memories are cruel. I must live in the future. The past is too unbearable.

I kept on walking aimlessly. The cold was beginning to bite at my hands and face; it was like the sorrow that was gnawing at my heart. A wind was hissing through the brown leaves. It seemed to be whispering something to me. I came to a bridge. At one end a lone black figure was leaning against the rail. He looked harmless. I did not care — I kept on walking.

"Late, isn't it?" The voice was gentle. "Going somewhere?"

This man looked lonely. Mother had said not to talk to strangers. Mother — I was alone now — a girl of nineteen alone in a huge world.

"Yes — I'm going — home."

That was all I could say. I wanted to talk to someone.

"Home?" His voice was quavering, but he continued. "I used to have a home and a happy family life — but — the world is a cruel place, my dear. I lost my family, my home, and my money. Look! See how the river is flowing by? It keeps on going. It never turns around. Be like the river. Don't give up. Keep on going. It's a long hard road and it gives way sometimes — I know."

I looked at him, unshaven, shabbily dressed. Would I too become a nomad in life? I continued walking, thinking of what he had said. My feet were my guide now. A gentle rain began to fall. Winter was coming. I walked on and on. Maybe tomorrow would help me. The future was now my home.

SUSAN SAUNDERS, VI A.

### THE GRATCHIT

The Gratchit is one of the most important inventions of the modern world. It enters every phase of existence and we would be lost without it. The Gratchit has an interesting history, which begins at approximately the birth of James Bond, when a Yugoslavian scientist on safari in Antarctica came upon an old trick used by the native penguins. This original Gratchit was improved and refined by several West Moldavian scientists in the time of Dick Tracy and at the turn of the year was captured by a German scientist off the coast of Switzerland. It was sold to the Russians, who immediately claimed its invention about the same time that they claimed the invention of the telephone.

The Gratchit lay for a number of years sealed in a lead-lined box (to prevent its discovery by Superman) somewhere near John Lennon's tomb, until in the year of Gidget it was rescued by two UNCLE agents on vacation in England. It was then brought to America, where it caught on immediately, and now throughout the U.S. and Canada every house, tee-pee and igloo has at least one Gratchit; in this affluent society we actually find many two-Gratchit families.

Of course, nearly every good Canadian knows the history and nature of the Gratchit, and I apologize to you for this simple essay, which must insult your superior intelligence. There are, however — believe or not — some apathetic, ignorant, ridiculous Canadians who do not know of the existence of this mainstay of society, whose invention has brought about the comic book revolution and other significant happenings in world affairs. Are you second-rate people? Learn the necessities of the country in which you live! Stand up and give thanks to the inventor of the Gratchit, Mick Jagger, who said, "A chicken in every pot and a Gratchit in every home!"

PATRICIA ANDERSON, VI A.

### THE MISTY PATH

Have you ever looked out of your window in the early morning to find the ground covered with mist? The landscape seems to call you outside. You go down to the stable and mount up. Out in the fields you go. The long flowing strides of your horse now seem unfamiliar. Quickly you glance down at him. This is not your horse! This is a gorgeous white Arab. You too are clothed in white robes with a turban wrapped close around your head. The even strides of your horse kick the soft mist aside as if it were sand. With this thought you begin to feel the heat and develop a thirst and wonder where the nearest oasis is. Seeing a clump of trees in the distance you urge your mount faster, as the thirst is unbearable.

Suddenly you realize that your thirst has gone and your horse's strides are not long and smooth but short and choppy. You look down to see what's wrong and find that you are no longer robed in white but in a suit of shining armour! Further investigation proves that your horse is a huge charger. The once soft mist has risen to your horse's knees, but being a strong war horse he plows on. Your spirits are moved when you become aware of the pounding ache in your arm under the burden of a long lance. You urge your noble steed to the battle. "Charge the enemy up ahead!" Your horse pushes forward, throwing up puffs of mist behind him.

As you continue down the hill towards the clump of trees you realize that the ache has left your arm and that your horse's strides have become smooth again. The mist has risen to the level of your feet! Your horse finds no trouble breaking his way through it. This never-ending mass of mist reminds you of a cloud and you wonder how your horse manages to get through. Upon looking down once more you find that big wings have sprouted from his shoulder blades. At once you check your own and find that you also have wings. The gentle rocking of your winged animal gradually becomes slower and slower as you progress deeper and deeper into the rising cloud of mist. Finally the movement ceases. Surely this is the end of your long journey.

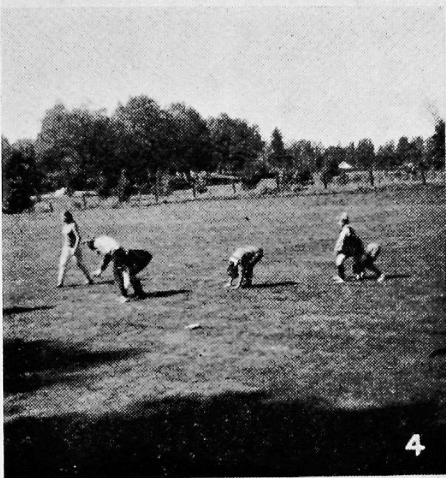
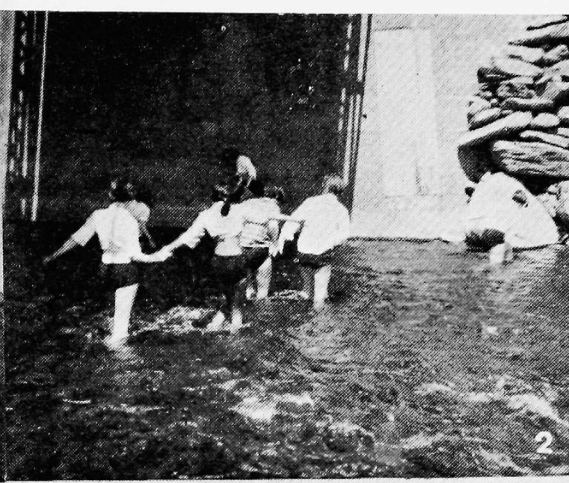
DALE ELLSON, VI A.

### THE NIGHT SKY

Down fell the golden ball  
 Into the earth;  
 Up rose the dark curtain of night,  
 But silently!  
 The stars broke out  
 Like minute diamonds in a dark velvety curtain,  
 But they were beautiful:  
 Little sparkling lights, twinkling lights,  
 Blinking on and off.  
 Then, as if from nowhere  
 Came the moon.  
 Rising in her magnificent glory  
 She came, weaving her way through the stars,  
 Riding in her white-gold chariot  
 Along the milky way.  
 Towards the north the pretty Northern Lights  
 Seemed to twist and turn  
 In their glory of colours and swirls.  
 Then as the moon finished her journey  
 Across the sky,  
 The stars and light began to fade,  
 And the moon cast off her silken glow  
 As she dropped behind the last shades of night.

DIANA BINKS, VI A.





## CREDITS

- |                                    |              |                                     |              |
|------------------------------------|--------------|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Dripped Dry.....                | R. SHALOM    | 6. "So what else is new?".....      | C. MACDONALD |
| 2. Crossing the Hellespont.....    | MISS LOADER  | 7. "Going on a Lion Hunt".....      | C. MACDONALD |
| 3. — and the ants were unreal..... | S. GLADSTONE | 8. Picnic at Moes' River.....       | MISS LOADER  |
| 4. Who lost a contact?.....        | R. SHALOM    | 9. "Climb Every Mountain".....      | C. MACDONALD |
| 5. Montreal or Bust!.....          | M. MAGEE     | 10. Pony Express.....               | C. MACDONALD |
|                                    |              | 11. Pick the Winners!.....          | N. COOK      |
|                                    |              | 12. "To the Pig Farm and back"..... | E. CADMAN    |



## TWO WORDS

Have you ever just sat and wondered about the underneath meaning of words. For instance *love* and *hate* are two words that seem to be used quite freely from day to day, but what do they really mean to people? In the dictionary *love* is defined as a warm affection, a devotion or fondness between people. *Hate* is said to describe a strong dislike of something. In my opinion *love* is a word expressing a deep and beautiful feeling, while *hate* expresses a dark and ugly feeling.

How can just two words have such vivid meanings which are entirely opposite? When the word *love* is mentioned everything seems to be perfect. The most magnificent pictures come into the mind, like a field whose tall green grass waves in a cool breeze, while a warm and brilliant sun shines down from a cloudless sky; and the rolling hills, where a bubbling brook winds its way down the steep side, looks greener than before. Everything is splashed with colour which creates a tying bond between people.

Hate creates unrest and black pictures of wars and death. I imagine a gloomy world with no lights, no sounds of happy children playing or of free birds chirping. Everything around is dismal without a warm or cheerful smile or "hello" from anyone. Hate in man's heart creates violence and war in the world.

There is so much hate at the present moment in the world that wars are constantly being fought. If only people, whether poor, rich or powerful, would realize that life is not good without love and friendship between countries, races, and people in general, and that everything around would be so much better and so much more prosperous if man could learn to live in unity and get along with others!

As you can see, *love* and *hate* are common in personal affairs as well as in world affairs. Love is beautiful while hate is ugly. Let us keep our world as a happy place to live in.

KATHY WINSER, VI A.



## MEMORIES

The small cozy room gave off a glow of warmth and home. It was immaculately clean, but a little worn after many years of use and enjoyment. The curtains had faded as a result of frequent washings and too many sunfilled days. The braided rug had once been placed on Granma's parlour floor, but now it took its rest under the oval table. Once the faces of eight happy people had beamed above this table as they partook of a meal fit for a king. Then the table had gleamed in the sun and had borne the steaming odour of vegetables and meat to their nostrils. Only the bare essentials of a meal were present now, and only three faces smiled contentedly as they ate their scanty meal.

The faces like the room were tired and old, but the peal of laughter was still in their ears and their weakened eyes sparkled and shone as they remembered "old times" together. Father still sat motionless and unquestioned in his captain's chair at the head of the table. He still blessed the food as of old before he sat to eat, and his privilege was still to serve the meat. Perhaps his eyes were saddest since his children had gone, for even in their youth he had caught only fleeting glimpses of their happiness, and there were many things he could not remember about their lives.

Mother sat opposite, now a mere shadow of her former domineering self. A gentle smile always played about her lips as she gossipped and talked of the past with Aunt Rose. Aunt Rose, a good decade younger than father and mother, often came to "cheer Mummy up." She too babbled along chatting of this and that and eating when she could remember she was at a table.

Mother loved her for all her goodness and father for her "spunk." When she was here the whole house sang, so father said nothing of the gossipping two at the far end of the table, but rather looked compassionately upon them and thought of "When the children come."

There was never any dessert now, but only coffee after lunch. Sipping the hot drink he thought of the happy women and his love for them, and of his "flock."

"Yes," he decided, "we are content with our old age, and someday when the children come we will be happy."

MARTHA JERVIS-READ, VI A.



### VI B FORM REPORT

In September the year did begin,  
To add to the old came the new,  
Who were soon taught the rules — that were few!  
And now kick the ball! The soccer season's in!  
Against the VA's we did play;  
A good game it was and lots of fun had  
As we played volleyball, the new Compton fad,  
And the victory was ours that fine day!

(not to mention the loss against VI A)  
Hallowe'en is here in the good K.H. cheer,  
As the "visiting orchestra" did entertain us!  
The skits and the bobbing caused laughter and fuss,  
And to bring on the goodies the staff had to clear.  
As we open our books the big word is cram.  
And there's so much to learn, we're in such a big fix,  
As we wake up at four and it's supposed to be six,  
Two days before the actual exam!  
Centennial projects is the theme of the year,  
When it's up to the gym with Miss Loader,  
To practise our sit-ups, and just a foot farther,  
To walk through pavillions as Expo is here.

Well, put on the make-up and don the formal,  
Hope it's not tight; how is my hair?  
And walk down the stairs as the boys all do stare;  
Too much make-up so go walk the oval.  
Then along came in March — our "Sorry! Wrong  
Number."

Many thanks to Miss Hewson, she really was swell,  
And we hope the audience thought it went well;  
Nor do we think that any did slumber.  
With Miss Loader as our Form Mistress,  
We all somehow managed to live through  
Those moments of mischief and staff complaints too.  
Thanks a lot for understanding in our few? times  
of distress!

Five love's the score and the javelin's thrown!  
Spring is spring and it's sugaring-off;  
Now dig in all at the maple trough.  
Invite's coming so try staying in tone!  
Biology hike in the future is seen.  
Form picnic soon and tanning in sunlight,  
To give us a contrast 'gainst our closing-day's white.  
We'll miss seeing you all at 3:15.

### SURPRISE VISITOR

Part collie, part German shepherd, part Newfoundland, part husky. What a combination! But we loved him anyway. The dog's name, Sebastien. We had found him one morning on our doorstep cold and ragged. He had long floppy ears, short brown stubby legs, and a tail not more than two inches long, which wagged back and forth all the time.

It had been snowing crisp white snowflakes and the air was quite chilly when I went to get the morning paper. What did I find? A heap of dog all snowy white lying on the doorstep. As I opened the door again he came bouncing in, knocking me over. Then he stood over me licking my face, his tail still wagging back and forth. Then he went dashing into the house and bumped into my sister, who was running down the hall to see what was going on. Well, our maid happened to be making a stew, and as you can imagine, the pot of stew on the table soon disappeared down his throat. The cook was so surprised that all she did was stand there gaping.

By then my sister and I had picked ourselves up and we came running into the kitchen just in time to see him eat the last bit of stew. He then came up to us, his eyes dancing with merriment, his tail still wagging, and his teeth showing in a wide grin. He looked so comical standing there drooling! That's when we first fell in love with him. My sister and I put an advertisement in the paper secretly hoping there would be no response, and our prayers were answered for no one ever claimed him. From that time we have loved him dearly. After all, looks aren't everything.

JANE MEAGHER, VI B.

### THE FLICKERING LIGHT

Placed on the far side of the table, the lone candle provided the only illumination. Its faint glimmer was enough, however, to lighten the bedside. The candle was very short and the wax stains beneath it showed that it had been burning for a long time. The darkness beyond silhouetted its bold whiteness. The flame flickered and faded, momentarily extinguished by the gentle breeze from the open window.

An old man, exhausted from life, rolled over restlessly in bed. His mind was still youthful, fresh and eager, but his body was fatigued. He tossed and gasped, fighting the spirit of Death.

The light quivered and was gone. Silence reigned. Darkness blanketed the room. Death crept into every corner.

PEGGY TILLEY, VI B.

### THE MOUSE HUNT

As I sat quivering in a tiny corner my whiskers rigid and my heart pounding, the huge monster approached me. It was at least sixteen hundred paws high and had two shifty green eyes. Absolutely motionless, it was just waiting for me to budge so that it could pounce on me and I would soon be minced mouse-meat. But I knew the penalty too well.

The air was tense — silence prevailed over all. Its tail twitched ever so slightly in anticipation of dinner — me. Out of the corner of my eye I could see my home. How I wished I had never left it, but it was too late now.

Slowly and carefully I edged myself along the wall, all the while conscious of a pair of eyes that followed my every movement. It was now or never. I had to make a dash for it. As if reading my mind the huge animal attacked me, emitting a ferocious battle cry. I ran as fast as my four stubby legs would carry me. Within a few inches of safety, the paw came down and I let out a squeal.

I had made it, but just in time, for something was missing, something that I had grown quite attached to during the past few years — my tail.

TONI COCHAND, VI B.

### THE FIRST AND LAST TIME

You have been pulled out of bed at seven o'clock in the morning. It is snowing and the sun is not up, but you are determined to learn how to ski today. After getting five people to help you do up your new stretchy ski pants, you can hardly breathe; never mind; bend down to do up your ski boots. Once you have them all laced up, you discover there is a wrinkle in your sock and you must go through the same procedure again.

Finally out at the ski resort you proudly put on the shiny new skis you got for Christmas. You are ready to go up the lift. The little man who runs the lift can always tell a beginner and he eyes you slyly. He hands you a bar with a saucer-shaped thing and you immediately sit on it, but soon find that this is not the right technique. The lift starts off with a leap and there you are, a heap of snow with your skis crossed. After trying five times you have usually learnt the lesson and you find yourself at the beginner's slope, which is situated at the bottom of the expert trail. You start to snowplow down the hill when a racer comes zooming down and runs over you yelling, "Hey kid, get out of the way!"

Skiing is really a wonderful sport, but who can convince you as you lie in bed with a broken leg?

DEBBIE HORNIG, VI B.



**MY QUEEREST PET — A FLY**

Yes, it was a fly, but a dead one! I had found it lying on its back on my dresser. It looked dead, but I was almost sure I had seen its wee limp legs move. I was not going to take chances and let it pass away without being sure it was really dead. So, I took a little box and filled it with cotton-batting. I placed the fly in it. I stood watching for a while nudging it to see if it would move. Then I gave up and left it for the rest of the day.

Returning later that night, I checked the box to find the fly lying stiffly on its back with all its six hairy legs crumpled against its body.

No hope! So I picked up the little box and tossed it — with disgust — into the garbage and walked off.

CAROL MACDONALD, VI B.

**SNOWFLAKES**

Soft, flakey, sifting down,  
Causing drifts in the streets of town;  
Wet, sticky, cold and white,  
Falling by day or falling by night.

Falling softly or racing down,  
Menacing, welcome, or jumping like clowns,  
Cooling cats' noses, ending all transportation,  
As though trying to cover this civilization.

Moving like snails in soft autumn wind,  
Clinging to lamp-posts, trees and their kin;  
Dancing the polka or dropping like lead,  
I watch them all when I'm lying in bed.

ANNE RAMSDEN, VI B.

**RUNAWAY HORSE**

Down the road dashed the runaway horse. It was riderless, but you could tell it had had a rider just a few moments before, for in one of the wildly flapping stirrups was a large leather boot. The lunging beast had a look of wild damnation in its eye, and its neck was thickly covered with bloody froth where it had been whipped. Suddenly the animal faltered. It turned a somersault and landed on its back. A piercing scream tore the air; then all was silent. I ran to the dark form on the ground. Its neck was broken, but almost immediately I saw the unhealed sores on its back. No wave of pity swept over me, as I realized that the creature had been nearly beaten to death. Here was an animal that had found peace in death.

ANNE RAMSDEN, VI B.

**SURFING**

The wind was quite strong when I left the house, and when I got to the sandy beach it was a bit stronger. The waves were about twelve feet high and the water was a dark greenish colour. There were not many people, but I was all for it. I would go out on my surfboard. The waves seemed to make a barrier and I could not get out into the water. After struggling for what seemed like hours I began to get under way. I paddled harder and harder and got through the barrier; then I began to shiver as if something dreadful would happen to me, but I had to think positively. I had to show the kids I could do it, even though it was my first time.

As I watched the tremendous waves coming towards me I became terribly frightened and had a cold feeling inside. I had to do it sometime! I turned my board around — started paddling, and the next thing I knew I was speeding across the water at a high rate. I felt as though I were flying until — it happened! I was knocked off balance and thrown into the air. I knew the board would get caught in the wave and I prayed it wouldn't flip. I felt paralyzed. The current was too strong to fight, so I could not do anything but pray. Just then I felt a blow on my head. My board! I could feel I had a bad cut and I began to float slowly to the surface. I tried to swim as best as I could. Suddenly I felt the cold, wet sand beneath me. I had a terrible headache, but I thought of my success in showing them and myself that I really could do it.

BILLIE JOHNSTON, VI B.

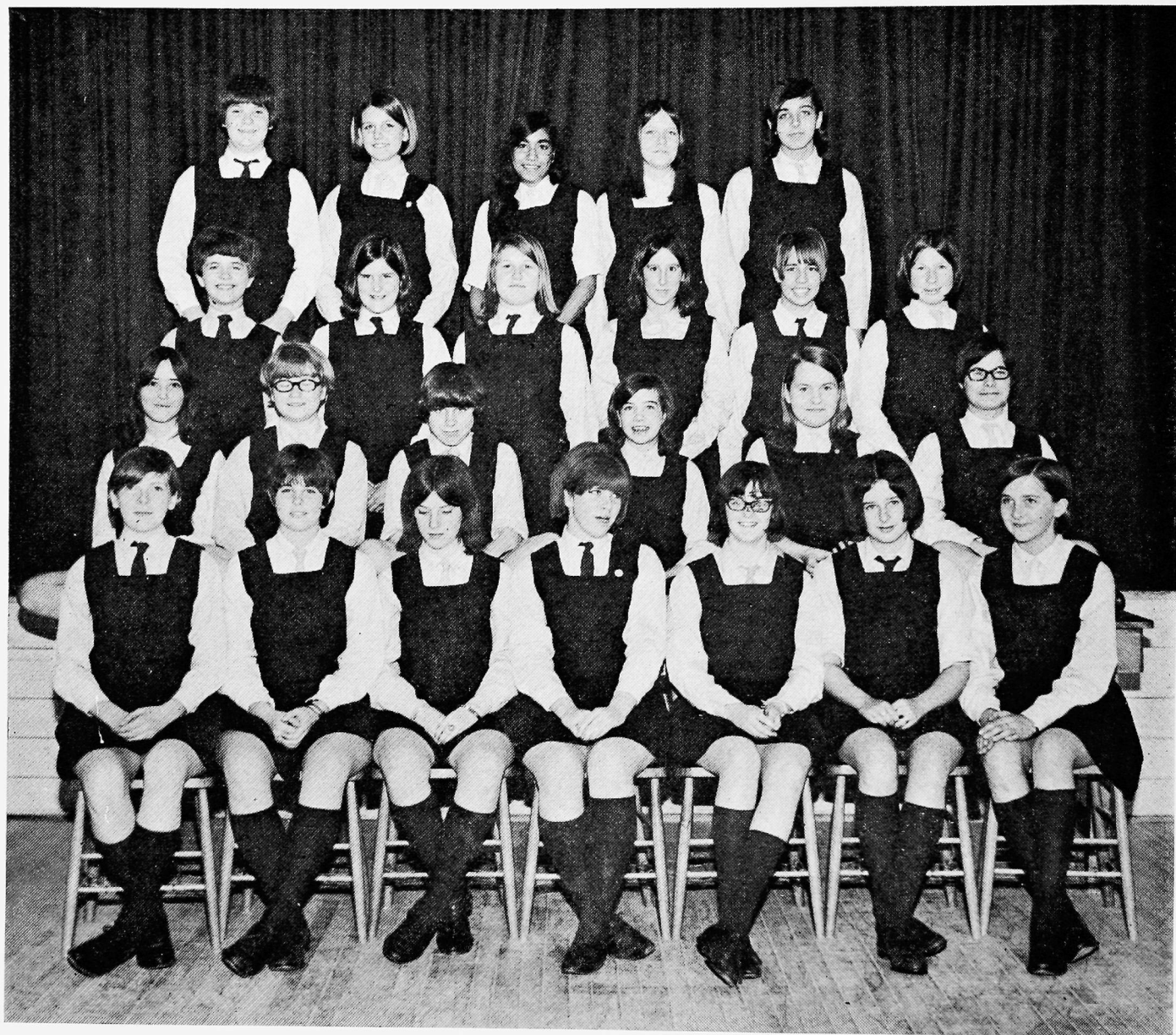
**OLD BLUE**

Old Blue stretched out in the radiance of the early morning sun. He was tired but happy after his swim. Steam rose from the sparkling dew that covered the grass.

Old Blue, approximately five feet long when lying down, has glossy golden hair that covers his droopy brown eyes. For his age, "fit as a fiddle," he could pick up any sound within a radius of five miles, but his sense of smell inevitably had weakened because of his age.

Sometimes when I was sitting with him after fishing, he would gaze at me and wiggle his lower lip as if he had something to tell me. After a while he would look wearily away and breathe a deep sigh. We were great friends until Grampa and I had to bury Old Blue last night.

CYNTHIA GILBRIDE, VI B.



### V A FORM REPORT

"Bingo!" The excited cries of the girls rang through the lounge as V A's did their best to raise money for the annual Red Cross fund. We worked all afternoon on our games — Bingo, Twister and Spoons. We were very proud to contribute fifteen dollars.

V A must have been a melting pot of nations this year. There were girls from Costa Rica, Indonesia, Trinidad, Venezuela, Jamaica, New York, Massachusetts, Chile and our own Canada.

Our form captains the first term were Linda MacTier and Brenda Lloyd. For our second and third terms we decided to have Katie Morris and

Cynthia Parker. Our magazine representative was Janet Aird, and for the Red Cross we had Elaine Aboud.

The highlights of this year for us were the play at Bishop's in February which was really very good and our Christmas Form Party with Hilary Stead as Santa Claus.

We would all like to thank Miss Bennett, our Form Mistress, for a very enjoyable year in V A. Thank you, Miss Bennett!

JANET AIRD  
TANY ELLSON  
ANNIE MURRAY  
LINDA MACTIER.

### NEGLECTED

I opened the door. Before me stood a man, bewildered and scruffy. His tired brown eyes looked up at me and a feeling of grief was shown on his face. Deep-set lines and wrinkles across his forehead were signs of worry and neglect. His mouth was silent, sad and bordered by a jaw of unruly whiskers. His wispy thin hair reached the collar of his torn and shabby coat. His shirt was equally forlorn and his trousers certainly were in need of patches.

He clutched his cap eagerly with his strong gnarled hands and gazed at his shoes. Then he lifted his head and smiled hesitantly and stuttered, "Do you have a room for the night?"

KATE MORRIS, V A.

### A TRAGIC LOVE

"O, fairest Juliet, come thou to me."

"Yes, my love Hercules, but where art thou?"

"I wait here for thee in our sacred place of love."

And beneath the love tree of Palestine the doomed lovers meet. A silence falls on the earth. Not a pebble moves. Life is taken from all living creatures save the tender lips of the two lovers. For although the two lovers know it not, their lips shall never meet again. They talk of their secret escape from the city and their marriage planned for the next day.

"O, Hercules, I shall wear the cloak of our lowest servant and bear not a treasure given me by my father, the great emperor. For I long for nothing but thy tender lips and enchanting love. Your love together with mine is the greatest of all things. I shall live the way thou and thy mother have lived in the gutters of the slum streets. Only we must hurry if we wish to escape in time and without being noticed. We must use great care, for if we are caught you would surely be the feast of a fierce animal amid the laughter of the wealthy lords, and I be hated by my father for life."

"Yes, my sweet, we must make haste. I weep at the thought of leaving my beloved family, but for you, my only love, thy wish I will obey. Let us depart as time is short."

As the two flee to the woods the trees and birds come to life again, only to do the lovers much harm. A spell comes upon them as if from an evil spirit, giving all nature the one desire of death to them both for their foolish crime. And death it was, for Juliet and Hercules were never seen alive again.

HILARY STEAD, V A.

### A LONG AND HARD RIDE

It was a nice Saturday morning, warm for January, so I decided to go for a ride to exercise my horse, Playboy. I told my Mum I was going for a ride, and I would not be back for lunch because I was going to take it with me. Playboy was full of pep and raring to go, so I thought I would ride in the woods to see what I could find. There were rabbits everywhere and some deer. The hours passed, so I decided to eat my lunch. I found a nice spot where the snow was not so deep, and there was a tree stump for a stool.

After lunch we were well rested, but I noticed that the air had cooled off, and the sun was not shining anymore, so I figured we were going to have a storm. I started back right away, but within half an hour it started to snow lightly, and then quickly turned into a blizzard. It became so bad that I could hardly see two feet in front of me, so I was depending on Playboy to bring me home. After a while Playboy was going at a very slow pace because the snow was so light and fluffy, but deep. I was shaking from the cold — and I could feel Playboy trembling. His coat was soaking wet and together we must have looked like a snowman on a snow horse. I figured at the pace we were going we should be home in one hour and a half. But, then, all of a sudden, down I went, face first in the cold snow with Playboy lying right beside me. Playboy hoisted himself up with a strain, but I felt I would never be able to get up again. I cried to him asking him to help me up, hoping he would understand. For a while, he just stood there nuzzling me, but then he realized and he caught my coat with his teeth. He lifted me just enough so that I could get on my feet. The next problem was to get on him, but I decided I would hold onto the saddle and walk beside him for a while to make it easier for him. I walked like that for I do not know how long, but until my feet were just about frozen. Then, slowly but surely I climbed on Playboy's back. As we came over a hill I saw home. For a moment, I just could not believe it; I don't think I have ever been as glad to see home.

TANY ELLSON, V A.

### ASBESTOS ROCK

I am an asbestos rock  
Guarded by an ugly hawk.  
I am a silky green in colour  
And I have many a brother.  
You will find me behind  
A rock of a different kind  
For my very own protection.  
Please keep me in your rock collection.

LINDA MAC TIER, V A.



**LIFE**

The cold wind howls,  
Soft breezes blow,  
It rains in Spain.  
The Weather!

Two chongs equal a dollar;  
A mirpi equal three;  
Three buttons mean food  
Money!

The eternal triangle,  
The one left out,  
A happy couple  
Love!

The lonely house  
An old, old shed  
The sacred chapel  
Desertion!

A new-born baby,  
An old man dies,  
A daffodil pops up  
Life!

JANET AIRD, V A.

**THE CRASH**

The grand day had finally arrived — the day he had been waiting for, for nearly three years.

"If you pass your Matriculation with eighty-five percent we promise you a two month trip in Europe," his parents had said. It seemed that all his life the only thing his parents cared about were his marks in school. Neil had come down with a severe attack of tuberculosis at five, but that did not stop his parents from hiring a tutor the minute the worst part of his illness was over. When Neil had come home in grade five with a seventy-five percent average, ten marks below his normal average, his father thrashed him so hard his marks never came below eighty-five again.

But Matric. year had been the hardest. Miserable nights had been spent studying Geography, History, Biology — the list went on for miles on end. He did not want to think of it any more. Anyway, that was all over now. He had passed not a mark lower, nor a mark higher than eighty-five percent.

So now, leaving his parents at the customs gate, the parting words of his mother still ringing in his ears, "Now Neil, have a good time. But when you return in the Fall be ready to get down to some good hard studying right away. Don't let the gay life of Paris wash all your sense of seriousness away! McGill doesn't need any laggards in its lecture halls!"

Once the plane was up in the air Neil's troubles seemed far off. In a few moments he was conversing with a pleasant couple from New Brunswick. They were recommending some fine restaurants in Paris when a deafening roaring sound hit the ears of the passengers. The plane soaring, tumbling though the air, burst into wild flames that smothered the atmosphere around in a dense, black covering of smoke. Neil's head struck a sharp object with great force. His mind became blank.

Three months later the only survivor of this plane crash was sitting on the porch of a rest home. His brain had been completely disrupted. Faint memories of a trip to Europe and a well-earned report card lingered in his mind. Neil closed his eyes and rested his head on the chair. Europe is still waiting for him.

ELAINE ABOUD, V A.

**MY DOG VISITS EXPO**

It all began one day when we noticed that our dog hadn't showed up for meal-time. This, however, didn't in the least bit worry us as he had made it quite clear to my family, through various disappearances, that he had more than a few girl friends all over Jamaica. When Toby didn't make his appearance all through that night and the next day we started to wonder where he was.

Now we had often been given shocks when we'd heard of all his pranks, but when we heard this it just seemed too ridiculous to be true! We got a telephone call the next night from Palacedoes Airport saying that Toby had stowed away on a plane, and should be arriving in Montreal any minute! After the first fit of fainting Dad arranged reservations for his flight back the next day. However, what we wanted and what our black Labrador puppy wanted was quite a different matter. Saturday morning, the day on which we were eagerly awaiting the arrival of Toby, we got a cable which very firmly stated that he had been lost somewhere at Expo 67. Apparently, as we found out much later, the stewardess who had been looking after him overnight in Montreal took a short trip out to St. Helen's Island, and the inevitable happened.

Well, Toby flew home a week later, his blatant desire fulfilled. He had been found asleep under a popcorn stand three days after his temporary mistress had been lost. The next seat available on a flight to Jamaica was in another three days. This time the pup got to the airport in time.

We saw a young air-stewardess step off the plane, and trotting contentedly beside her was our Toby, stupidly grinning his head off, as if to say, "Ah, home, sweet home."

FRANCIS BARKER, V A.

### VOLCAN IRAZU

In Costa Rica it never goes over eighty-five degrees or under seventy-five degrees. One day my sister said it was snowing a dirty snow. No one believed her, so she went back to bed. Our grandmother was there visiting and she has to have a cup of tea every morning before breakfast, so she saw this dirty snow and as no one believed her she brought a cup to show us. Kennedy was there at the time and all this started the night he arrived. Then we saw in the papers that our volcano had started erupting. For over a year we had about two feet of ash a day all over Costa Rica and even in Nicaragua. The cattle were dying and nothing could be planted. When you drove, it seemed like a desert. All you saw for miles was ash, with no trees or any living things.

When we went up to see the volcano it was very interesting, big clouds of grey ash coming out of a hole and red rocks shooting up into the sky. At night you could not see these clouds so it was very beautiful because all you saw were red stripes shooting out into the air.

Sometimes we would miss a week of classes and people looked like the "bad guys" in the cowboy movies, with handkerchiefs covering their faces. Besides all this, in the rainy season the ash would get into the gutters and block the passage so there were many floods. Also the Reventazon River flooded sixteen times.

While it was alive the volcano did a lot of damage, but now it has helped a lot because there is better agriculture, and cement is made out of the ash.

ANNIE MURRAY, V A.

### THE RAGGED GIRL

Christmas Eve was cold and it was snowing lightly. All the lights of the stores and buildings were on, for tonight was the night to be merry. Only one little girl was sad. She was in rags and was cold and hungry. She was walking down the main avenue stopping to look at all the dolls in the window on display. At one store she saw Santa Claus sitting with a big sack at his side. Oh, how she wished for a doll or bear to cuddle up while she walked the lonely streets.

Coming out of her dream, she saw that other people had crowded around the store window so she slipped through the people and moved to the next store window. In this display there were dogs, bears, monkeys and dolls. As she looked she dreamed that she had a home and parents, sisters, brothers and a doll. As she was dreaming a little boy had also been looking at the toys. A man had his arm resting on the boy's shoulder. The little

girl looked up and saw how happy the boy's face was as he looked at the toys. As the boy and man moved on, the boy turned and looked at the ragged little girl. She felt his eyes on her, so she moved on to the next store. As she looked back she saw the man leaning over to hear what the boy had to say. She moved quickly along the road and finally stopped at a soda fountain.

Someone was pulling on her arm trying to wake her up. As she opened her eyes she remembered it was Christmas Day. She jumped quickly out of bed to see an astonished look on Jimmy's face. She was wearing his pyjamas and they looked enormous on her.

As they hurried downstairs she saw a Christmas tree. She ran up to it and touched its branches. Then she saw all the gifts around the tree. As she turned around she saw Mr. and Mrs. Burns smiling at each other. Then Jimmy handed her a package; her face shone with excitement. As she opened it she saw a face, arms and legs. It was a doll she had always wanted. Mr. Burns must have bought it for it was just like the one she had seen on Christmas Eve when Mr. Burns had taken her home with him.

This was her new home!

PAMELA GREY, V A.

### REALITY

The ship stood out with magnificence on the horizon. The full sails, tall masts and dark hull were all that could be made out. Drawing closer it was evident the boat was well taken care of. The neat sails, shining brass, freshly varnished spars and ship-shape decks proved that. The dark, black hull, yellowed sails and red keel added to its splendour. The bow-sprit of the yacht was sprayed by water which was thrown up as the bow cut through the waves. It was a brig out of the past. This type of boat is rare but the ones left are of exquisite beauty.

CYNTHIA PARKER, V A.







## The Juniors

### V B FORM REPORT

In the Autumn term Sally Butterworth ruled us. Candy Montano handed in the running pluses. (She was the Sports Captain.) The main events of the first term were the Tea Dance and the Hallowe'en party. Most of the V B Form had fun. Everyone agreed that the orchestra at the dance was "fabulous."

Mrs. Carr and Miss Morton are the Matrons at the Cottage. I am sure they will both be driven mad before the end of the year! Miss Evans looks after the nine of us who live at the big school. She has her problems too.

At Christmas the Form party was held at the Cottage. Mrs. Carr and Miss Morton made cake and sandwiches and bought some extra delicacies. Dorothy was kind enough to get one of her delicious cakes for us. It was good! We also had a play supervised by Mrs. Carr, Miss Morton and Miss Bennett.

In the Winter term the Captain was Candy

Montano, and the Sports Captain Peggy Dean. This term was winter, so we all took part in winter activities — skiing, skating, snow-ball fighting and other amusements. We also enjoyed swimming in the pool. Mrs. Carr was kind enough to give us a skating party, where we all played tag on the ice. Half the time we were on our "seats." After the skating we went to the Cottage for hot cocoa and cakes. At the formal dance we had a good time, even though we had to leave early.

In the Spring term another two were picked to rule us: Cece Upham and Mary Musgrave. The third term is about the best. Everyone works hard for exams, but we have fun too, to take our minds off work sometimes. We often go to the Sugar Shack. On April 13, Mr. Johann kindly invited us to a sugaring-off at his home. We are looking forward to our Form party, and last but not least to the Closing.

The person who had to deal with all of us at the school was Miss Morton, our Form Mistress, as well as one of our Cottage Matrons. We all thank you, Miss Morton.



#### IV A FORM REPORT

Since there were only seven girls in IV A this year we have taken part in most of the V B activities. Our class consisted of Barbara Bishop from Sherbrooke, Marie Calam from New York, Robin Fowler from Westmount, Victoria Fuller from Lennoxville, Teresita Orlandini from Maine, Ann Perley-Robertson from Ottawa, and finally Barbara Pidcock from Montreal and Bermuda. She is known as "Mouse," since she is the smallest girl in the school.

Our sports activities have been soccer, baseball, volleyball, tennis, and swimming.

We all looked forward to April 13, which was the day of the sugaring-off. We all came back happy, but full. During the Christmas term the Cottage put on a Nativity play directed by Mrs. Carr, Miss Morton, and Miss Bennett. Thank you all very much for your kind help.

We did a great amount of skating and skiing during the winter term. Mrs. Carr treated us to a delightful skating party, in which many of the Staff participated. We really had a good time.

We shared Miss Morton with V B for our Form Mistress, and we do want to thank her for her kindness.

Our Form Captains have been Marie Calam, Victoria Fuller and Robin Fowler. Our Sports Captains have been Robin Fowler and Marie Calam. Teresita Orlandini has been our Red Cross representative, and Ann Perley-Robertson had the position of Magazine representative.

#### A TYPICAL DAY AT K.H.C.

It all starts  
In a warm cozy bed  
Dreaming about  
Your David, your Fred.  
When all of a sudden  
The maid rings the bell  
You sit up in bed  
And you scream and you yell.  
You fall back to sleep  
To finish your dream  
But you just cannot do it  
So you get up and scream.  
You pick up your toothbrush  
And walk to the john.  
You get to a sink  
And you stand there and yawn.  
You splash on cold water  
And your face gets all wet;  
You dry it all off  
And now you regret  
That you ever got out  
Of that warm cozy bed.

And so all this time  
You suddenly find  
That people are dressed,  
Boy! are you far behind!  
You rush to get dressed,  
A fight against time  
For the bell for breakfast!  
If you're late, it's a crime.  
You pull off your P.J.'s  
And throw on your clothes.  
Your sash is all crooked  
And the bell, there it goes!  
It's a rush to the stairs  
And you trip and you fall;  
You know you'll be late  
Oh, darn it all!  
You finally get down  
And they're saying the grace;  
You sneak past the Staff  
And go to your place.  
You know that the Staff  
Saw you sneak silently  
So you take it for granted  
A minus three.  
So now your list  
Has become very long  
From being late for dinner  
And doing things wrong;  
You let it go past  
And then it comes night  
You get into bed  
And snuggle up tight;  
You talk in the dark  
While you lie flat in bed;  
Then you fall sound asleep  
And dream about Fred.  
Then the next thing you know  
The maid rings the bell;  
You sit up in bed  
And you scream and you yell.

BARBARA SKELTON, V B.

#### THE SEA

The sea is wonderful and wet. It is life to those who live in it and death to those who are left out. It is tame as it laps gently up the beach and wild as it crashes up against a coral reef and sends sprays of diamonds over the coral. It is a means of food, of travel, and of power. The sea is ever-changing and yet is always the same. It is turquoise, aqua-marine, ebony and white.

The sea bounds up the beach with high waves and deposits seaweed and coral on the sand that it put there some time past. It's controlled by the moon only, and no one can harness it. In short the sea is The Sea.

BARBARA PIDCOCK, IV A.

## FLYING HIGH

One day last summer I had a strange trip. On a bright sunny morning before my parents were awake I woke up. As I lay in bed looking outside at the sunlit waters I noticed that on our front lawn there lay a box surrounded by flowers. This box was very small and I couldn't tell what colour it was because of the sun in my eyes. Turning from the window I crept down the stairs and out the front door, trying not to waken anyone. Down the path and across the lawn I went, suddenly remembering that I was still in my pyjamas. The grass was wet with dew, but I didn't mind. When I reached the box I saw that it was multi-coloured and had photos of clouds on it. After thinking the matter over for a few minutes, I picked up the box and ran inside and up to my bedroom, jumping into bed and still clutching the box. I stuck my finger under the lid, slowly opening it. Inside was a pair of shoes made of beautiful red leather and they had black shiny laces. Thrilled, I slipped them on, after putting on my dressing-gown to warm up.

"Nobody will miss them for a day," I said, hoping nobody owned them.

Suddenly they started to move. Scared as I was, I kept still. The window flew open — dear knows how — and away I went, still clutching the empty box. Out over the water I flew, noticing a few boats leaving for a day's fishing. We flew high above the city, and by then I was petrified. Suddenly we started to go down, down, and down! I ended up in the water! I swam to shore, now far from home. I tried to dry off the shoes, rubbing them, and suddenly we started to move again, only this time we were going back. I heaved a sigh of relief. Soon my own house came into view. In a few moments I was back on the lawn.

Taking off my shoes quickly I shoved them back in the box and went into the house to dry off, after leaving the box on the lawn exactly where I had found it. I didn't think I could ever, ever go through that again. That morning my mother questioned me about my wet hair, at breakfast, but I didn't tell her. I don't quite think she would have believed that, somehow. I'm beginning to wonder myself now, because the next time I looked out there was no box to be seen, just flowers and more flowers.

ANNE MACCULLOCH, V B.

## HALLOWE'EN

Black skies, full moon,  
Just the rhythm to a witches' tune;  
They, on their brooms with their black cotton  
gowns,  
Flying past the moon and frightening all the towns!  
A heavy wind is blowing, that's the witches' spell,  
They all bend over a big black pot and tell—

Black skies, full moon,  
Just the rhythm to a witches' tune;  
They on their brooms with their black cotton  
gowns,  
Flying past the moon and frightening all the towns!  
A heavy wind is blowing, that's the witches' spell,  
They all bend over a big black pot and tell—  
Black skies, full moon—

ROBIN FOWLER, IV A.

## AUTUMN MAGIC

In the early morning as the light veil of mist lifts away from Mother Earth, you can see the bright reds and yellows of the Autumn leaves standing bravely against the light drizzle which is coming down to freshen up the earth and to say good morning.

The sun is trying its best to show its bright face through the clouds, though it does not succeed. The birds rise to greet the morning and to wake up the farmers who must feed their hungry animals. The rain departs as the sun pushes its rays through the stubborn clouds. Suddenly, everything is shimmering, the leaves seem brighter than ever and the rain-drops produce little rainbows of many colours.

But this magic cannot last forever. Soon the sun beckons these miniature rainbows and they vanish. Now the wind chases away the clouds and the sky turns a beautiful colour, which the trees never get tired of looking at. As the sun rises higher in the heavens, scolding squirrels go about collecting food for the long winter ahead of them. The birds are gathering to make ready for their long trip south. The blue sky is dotted with flocks of black birds.

The sun is very tired now and decides to make her long trip home. Her yellow body turns into bright reds and oranges as she sinks down in the west. Everything is still — then all living things bed down for the night, and wait for another day of Autumn magic.

MARIE CALAM, IV A.

## SAFETY FIRST

"Safety first" said an old father frog. He was looking at a little boy frog called Carefree. Carefree was trying to hop over the long grass, which grew to be very tall, and when he came down he knocked over this old frog. The old frog was just coming back from frog market and all his food was scattered everywhere. "I don't care," said Carefree. "If you people would watch where you are going I wouldn't knock you over," and with that he hopped away leaving the frog to pick up his groceries.

His parents told him to watch where he was going, and remember the safety rules, but he never listened and just went on to do exactly what he was told not to do.

Once he jumped right into an Irishwasher frog's laundry which she had just finished washing. All Carefree said was that she should find a more convenient place to wash. All she could say was a long string of Irish words which he could not interpret and for his sake I think that was good.

One day Carefree was playing baseball. He was up to bat. "You better throw me a good one, Gargon," he said. "I want this to be a homer." Gargon threw him a good ball and Carefree hit it hard. The ball went sailing away. Carefree ran as hard as he could. The catcher ran too, to try to catch the ball. Then S-M-A-C-K. The two frogs collided and sat on the ground and looked at each other. Carefree started to cry. "Are you hurt?" said the pitcher. "I'm not," said the catcher. "Are you, Carefree?" "No," said Carefree. "Then why are you crying?" they all said. "I am crying because I could have got a home run, and then I would be your hero, and then — and then — Oh! why don't you learn to obey your safety laws?" He said to the bewildered catcher. "Me?" he said. "Why, it is you who did not obey them, not me. You are supposed to watch where you are going because I would have my eye on the ball and I cannot look two ways at one." "Oh!" said Carefree, and it was a very small "Oh." Slowly he picked up his things and hopped and croaked home.

After that he was always the one who told the other frogs what to do and told them all the safety laws. He never knocked down anyone and made sure that everyone knew about Safety First!

REGAN TISSHAW, V B.

## A NARROW ESCAPE

It was morning. The valley was flooded with sunlight and the grass had that sweet smell that grass sometimes has in the summer. Suddenly a young fawn burst into the middle of the clearing, his light brown speckled coat shining in the sun. It was Sheema — whose name in Indian meant the "fleet one" — and he bucked and rolled and kicked and did everything a young fawn likes to do to stretch his legs. Meanwhile, his mother stood at the edge of the clearing with an anxious look on her beautiful face. She knew it was bad for a deer to be seen in daylight. Daytime is a time for sleeping; night-time is the time to frolic.

The mother stamped her small, sharp cloven forefeet in exasperation. She was torn between the desire to dash into the clearing to herd back her fawn, and the instinct to stay safely half-hidden in the undergrowth. Suddenly she froze with fear. She heard a dog baying, and it was coming closer at every bark. Sheema froze too, but not because he was frightened. He had never seen or heard a dog before, and the sound fascinated him. His mother dashed into the woods a few hundred yards and wheeled around to see if Sheema was following her. He wasn't. Cautiously she made her way back to the edge of the clearing. Sheema was still standing there, his stilt-like thin legs braced apart. Suddenly two large hounds burst into the clearing. One dog leapt at the young fawn, but he never touched him. Sheema's mother lunged between them so close to the dog that her flank grazed the beast's nose. The two dogs were barking wildly, keeping Sheema's mother at bay.

"That there's a good'un," cried the man. "Good! Good! Keep her there; I'll just be a second."

Sheema meanwhile had decided that this was all mighty unpleasant, and he took to his heels. Just as he reached the undergrowth he heard a shot that ripped through the clear morning air like an explosion. Sheema whirled around just in time to see his mother make an incredible leap into the air and then come crashing down to the ground. She lay still. Sheema stood there panting — he had had a narrow escape. If he had remained one second longer he would probably have been shot too.

CLAUDIA LEVESQUE, V B.



### SAFETY FIRST

It all started one morning at six o'clock. My father and I were going skiing. We had to get up at six so we would have plenty of time to ski. I got dressed and went downstairs for breakfast. Then we went outside to get our skis and put them on the rack of our car. Soon we were off. We arrived at the hill at ten o'clock. We got on our skis and boots, gathered up our poles, and went to get our tickets. The man checked us to make sure we had safety straps on before we were allowed on the hill. These were all right, so we went past the gate. The man on the other side of the gate told us we had to make sure our boots were in the press properly before we were allowed on the lift. Our boots were in properly, so we went on. Then another man stopped us and asked if our poles were a proper fit. They were, so we went on again. My father was getting fed up with this and was glad when we reached the lift without another delay. The man there had to check to see whether we had our tickets. After we bought them we got on the chair lift, but still another man had to check to see whether we had our safety belts attached. We fastened them and left.

When we reached the top we were both glad to be rid of all those safety precautions. When we got off the chair there was one more thorough check to make sure all our equipment was in order. After that we finally started down the hill. Dad went ahead of me and told me he would meet me at the bottom. I was going fine when I reached an unexpected turn — Pow! The next thing I knew I was lying on a bed with a doctor hovering over me. It seemed I had run into a tree! Well, they can prevent us from using the wrong equipment, but they cannot prevent bad skiing!

BARBARA SKELTON, V B.

### SPRING

Spring is coming, and all around,  
 Little flowers pop through the ground.  
 Tiny birds begin to sing,  
 While bigger ones are on the wing.  
 Many bears awake from sleep,  
 The bright sun causes their eyes to weep.  
 The bugs come out from under roofs,  
 While dogs unite in sounding "woofs."  
 People begin to burn their grass,  
 Making their lawns a flaming mass.  
 Spring is a happy time for all  
 Get outside and sit on a wall;  
 Listen to all the Springy sounds,  
 And watch the Spring come on your grounds.

ANNE MACCULLOCH, V B.

HAPPINESS IS .... *hair*



### ANDREW

Andrew is my brother  
 And a little brat is he  
 He tells me many stories,  
 But I know he's teasing me.

He's always getting presents  
 From Grama and from Mum,  
 But when he gets in trouble,  
 He always sucks his thumb.

JANE FULLER, V B.

### HAPPINESS

Happiness is sunny warm days,  
 Happiness is sunbeam rays.  
 Glad the roving winters are past,  
 Now the fishing time comes at last.

Happiness is pink-blossomed trees,  
 Happiness is the sun setting on seas.  
 Happiness is when flowers bloom,  
 Happiness is roses in June.

Happiness is apple trees galore,  
 Happiness is walking on the sea shore.  
 Happiness is when school is out;  
 Then all the children will scream and shout!

Happiness is coloured trees,  
 Happiness is the autumn breeze.  
 Happiness is the snowy nights,  
 Happiness is the northern lights.

ANN PERLEY-ROBERTSON, IV A.

## BIRDS

Where I live, at home in Trinidad, there are many beautiful birds. The two national birds of the island are the humming-birds and the scarlet ibises. Humming-birds are lovely little birds. They have a fairly long beak and slip around from flower to flower gathering all the honey that they can get. They are very pretty birds. Their wings are a greenish colour and are very shiny.

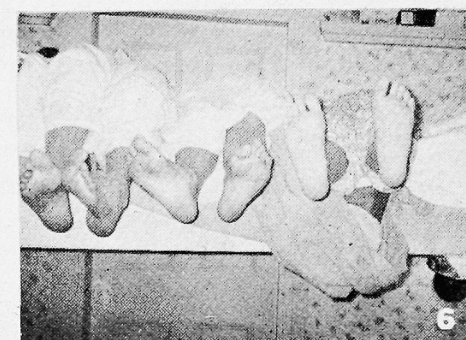
The scarlet ibis is a beautiful bird. When it is not mating season, it is pure white, and when it is mating season it is scarlet. When a group of them is flying in the sky, all you see is a red mass of flying birds.

In the forest there are wild parrots and macaws. The macaws are larger birds than the parrots, and they are very beautiful. Some of them are red, blue, green, yellow and many other colours. The parrots are normally green, but on their wings are beautiful colours. Although there are hundreds of other types of birds, this may give you a slight idea of how beautiful they really are.

CANDY MONTANO, V B.

## COTTAGE PICTURES

1. The Breakfast of Champions ..... J. FULLER
2. The Cottage..... B. BISHOP
3. The Top Brass in a Gay Mood..... B. BISHOP
4. In an Unusually Serious Mood..... R. FOWLER
5. "They're Coming to Take Us Away"..... J. FULLER
6. The Living End..... R. FOWLER



## THE HEIGHT OF HAPPINESS

To me the height of happiness is unlimited. There are so many things in life that can be happiness, yet people never look for them. Just to be alive is happiness to me. When you're walking through a meadow on a cool summer day, the wind swaying the grass gently, the warm sunlight, and that special feeling inside yourself — that is happiness and contentment to me.

There are a number of other happinesses to me as well — for instance Christmas, the giving, the sharing of excitement, and the opening of presents. Last year, my sister, who was seven at the time, gave me a little tiger in a basket. I had no use for it, yet it was the thrill on her face when I opened the package and thanked her warmly that made her feel that special feeling. When your parents give you a present you thank them and think they take it for granted; yet they would feel terribly hurt if you didn't.

On your Birthday when your Mum brings out the birthday cake that she made herself, you don't necessarily have to praise and say what a lot of hard work she had put into it, it's just the widening of the eyes when it first comes in and the little gasp of surprise; then the empty plate when it comes back into the kitchen. This is all happiness to the family.

If happiness was not in the world there would be no comfort or gratitude. Life wouldn't be worth living.

SALLY BUTTERWORTH, V B.





### DEPARTURES AND ARRIVALS

Miss MacDonald was married to Mr. Robert Stobie on September 3, 1966 at the Parish Church of St. Clement, Dingwall, Ross-shire. The day was perfect, the dresses delightful and the bride carried in her bouquet a sprig of white heather which she had picked the previous day on the hills near Dingwall. A kilted piper piped Mr. and Mrs. Stobie from the church to the waiting car after the service.

We send our warmest greetings to them and hope that when they come to North America they will come to visit us, for a hearty welcome will await them.

Mrs. Lewes left in June after spending one year as Matron at the Cottage. She is enjoying her visits with various members of her family. We wish her good health and a happy future.

Miss Wheatley left K.H.C. at Christmas so that she would be able to work full-time on her novel. We hope that it will soon be published and be a great success. Those who knew Miss Wheatley will be interested to know that her engagement has been

announced and she plans to be married in the summer. She expects to continue her writing in Toronto where she will live.

From Australia has come Miss Whight to fill the place in the Senior Math Department left vacant by Miss MacDonald's departure. She may, at first, have found Canada a little strange but she kept quiet about it and now seems to be enjoying life at Compton. We hope so!

Mrs. Carr has been at the Cottage this year. She spent several weeks at the Cottage last winter when Mrs. Lewes was absent because of illness. Mrs. Carr seems to be well able to deal with the Cottage and the Cottagers and remain cheerful. We are glad to have you with us Mrs. Carr!

Miss Britton came in September for a few weeks to help start the term when Miss MacLennan was unable to come for the opening of school. She must have found Compton not too formidable for she was quite easily persuaded to come and replace Miss Wheatley after Christmas. We all find the association most pleasant and hope that she will continue to be part of K.H.C.



# K. H. C. O. G. A.

## MEETINGS OF THE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

1966 - 1967

The Annual Meeting was held at the Themis Club in Montreal on Tuesday, May 10. Again this year the meeting was in the form of a luncheon and it was well attended. As well as the President's and Treasurer's reports, Mrs. Frank Winser gave a report on the Building Fund, and Miss Gillard gave a report on School activities. The new executive was voted into office at this meeting.

On November 7 the annual dinner meeting was held at the Montreal Badminton and Squash Club. Following dinner Miss Ann Pitt reported on the Building Fund and the laying of the cornerstone of Gillard House, which had taken place on October 8. Mr. James Dickinson of Expo '67 gave a most interesting talk about the forthcoming World's Fair. Miss Gillard then brought us up to date on news of the School.

We are most appreciative of Miss Gillard's interest in the Old Girls' Association and we certainly enjoy having her with us at our meetings.

The Executive of the Montreal Branch for 1966-1967:

President:	Mrs. Nigel Thompson (Heather Rogers)
1st Vice-President:	Miss Judith Taylor
2nd Vice-President:	Mrs. Donald Budge (Ann McNally)
Treasurer:	Mrs. John MacFarlane (Marion McDougall)
Recording Secretary:	Mrs. Roger Faith (Heather Mackenzie)
Corresponding Secretary:	Mrs. Anson McKim (Fiona Bogert)

## MARRIAGES

Brenda Cuthbertson to Mr. Gordon Currie, May 20, 1966, in Montreal.

Jocelyn Gordon to Mr. J. R. D. McCurdy, in Montreal.

Judith Robb to Mr. Ian Gordon Griffin, June 11, 1966, in Montreal.

Joanne Miller to Dr. Ross Kenneth Adair, September 10, 1966, in Montreal.

Janet I. Smith to the Rev. Stephen David Matthews, in Thetford Mines.

Lynne Francis to Mr. Goetz Eberhards Pfafflin, October 15, 1966, in Montreal.

Janet Diana Glass to Mr. Peter Stuart Jessop, January 21, 1967, in Lennoxville.

Mrs. Margot Beaubien Gardner to Sir Gawaine Baillie, December 25, 1966, in London, England.

Adrienne Cassils to Mr. Stephen Louis Raphael, March 4, 1967, in Montreal.

Joan Wightman to Mr. H. R. Raud, September 24, in Montreal.

Barbara Murray to Lt. D. C. Norton, September 11, in Montreal.

Virginia Price to Mr. C. R. Bell, April 19, in Montreal.

Susie Caridi to Mr. H. Hane, June 18, in Barranquilla.

Margot Dougals to Mr. S. B. Curry, June 6, in Toronto.

Cynthia Hutchins to Mr. A. D. Hill, May 28, in Montreal.

Pat McLean to Mr. A. J. d'Ombraim, May 28, in Montreal.

Peggy Butterfield to Dr. C. E. Couper, May 28, in Bermuda.

Bonnie Ross to Mr. S. T. Wace, January 28, in Montreal.

Barbara Savage to Mr. D. J. McGregor, March 11, in Montreal.

## DEATHS

Mrs. Marvin Stein (Sheila Vineberg) in Montreal.

## BIRTHS

Dr. and Mrs. John D. E. Price (Nancy Beattie) May 1966, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Linton Reid (Mary Holt) June 1966, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson McKim (Fiona Bogert) July 1966, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron C. Borden (Mary Ann McNab) June 1966, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Terrence Dingle (Judith Hingston) May 1966, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brazeau (Jane Cushing) June 1966, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser R. Lindsay (Valerie Lee Garland) an adopted son.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. McCrudden (Marcia Gibb Carsley) July 1966, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Douglas Creighton (Willa Ogilvie) August 1966, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Benn (Renée Perault) July 1966, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Kendel Windeyer (Georgette Drummond) August 1966, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Burleton (Sonia Taylor) October 1966, twins, a son and a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. David Lang (Anne Holton) November 1966, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Jones (Nona Hopper) October 1966, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lewis (Cynthia Hands) October 1966, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Impey (Partricia Creery) November 1966, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. McTigue (Constance Roper) November 1966, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sambrook (Mary Bogert) January 1967, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lynch-Staunton (Juliana de Kuyper) January 1967, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Simmons (Georgie Hebden) an adopted son.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. H. O'Brien (Patricia Archibald) December 1966, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brodeur (Barbara Drummond) December 1966, a son.

Dr. and Mrs. Eric C. Hickey (Julie Thompson) October 1966, a son.

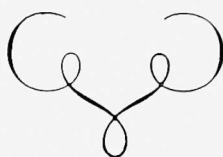
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Large (Elizabeth Bradshaw) July 1966, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Brown (Nancy Haywood) an adopted daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Myles (Sheila Bulman) November 1966, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Howatson (Barbara Rooney) February 1967, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Fellwock (Diana Stewart) January 1967, a daughter.



## Staff Directory

Miss A. Gillard—King's Hall, Compton, Que.  
Mrs. E. Bagley—York Street, East Angus, Que.  
Miss N. Bennett—St. Andrew's, 22 High Street, Pembury,  
Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England

Miss F. Britton—Box 132, Hartland, New Brunswick  
Mlle O. Cailteux—King's Hall, Compton, Que.  
Mrs. J. B. Carr—Woodstock, N.B.

Miss S. Coleman—"Honeysuckle Lodge," Telegraph Hill,  
Higham, Rochester, Kent, England

Mrs. E. Cutting—R.R. No. 6, Coaticook, Que.  
Miss G. Evans—Box 71, Sawyerville, Que.

Miss D. Hewson—Box 207, Lennoxville, Que.  
Miss B. Hoult—5225 Grand Boulevard, Montreal 29, Que.

Mrs. R. Jervis-Read—54 Cutting Street, Coaticook, Que.  
Miss G. Keyzer—71 Thomas Road, Swampscott, Mass.,  
U.S.A.

Mme S. Landes—King's Hall, Compton, Que.  
Mlle C. Lecours—Box 267, Beebe, Stanstead Co., Que.

Miss L. Loader—2 Beverley Court, Umtali, Rhodesia  
Miss F. MacLennan—1133 Dalhousie Street, Halifax, N.S.

Miss M. Morris—5 Gibson Avenue, Grimsby, Ont.  
Miss E. Morton—19 Downie Terrace, c/o Miss V. Morton,  
Edinburgh 12, Scotland

The Rev. D. Roberts—The Rectory, Compton, Que.  
Miss D. Stickney—Florenceville, N.B.

Miss D. Wallace—Box 1115, Lennoxville, Que.  
Miss T. Wheatley—"St. Budeau," 31 Moorside Road, West  
Cross, Swansea, S. Wales

Miss M. Whight—321 Eastern Valley Way, Middle Cove,  
N.S.W. Australia

Mme E. Yarrill—11 High Street, Lennoxville, Que.

## Students Directory

E. Aboud—2270 Ainsley Crescent, Town of Mt. Royal, Que.  
E. Adair—56 Chesterfield Avenue, Westmount, Que.

K. Ahamed—90 La Salle Street, Apt. 14A, New York 27,  
New York, U.S.A.

J. Aird—140 Jasper Avenue, Montreal 16, Que.  
P. Anderson—23 Lower Links Road, Willowdale, Ont.

B. Andras—214 Russell Hill Road, Toronto 7, Ont.  
D. Archibald—P.O. Box 261, Knowlton, Que.

J. Aylward—216 Watson Avenue, Oakville, Ont.  
F. Barker—Kirkvine P.O., Jamaica, B.W.I.

C. Beattie—Apartado del Este 5713, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.  
C. Beullac—263 Bromley Avenue, St. Lambert, Que.

D. Binks—482 Mayfair Avenue, Ottawa 3, Ont.  
B. Bishop—618 Victoria Street, Sherbrooke, Que.

E. Blenkiron—No. 8 Ingleside-Mandeville, Kingston 6,  
Jamaica, B.W.I.

B. Booth—Hilltop Farm, Yonge Street N., R.R. No. 2,  
Aurora, Ont.

H. Booth—Hilltop Farm, Yonge Street N., R.R. No. 2,  
Aurora, Ont.

J. Bowen—50 Arlington Avenue, Montreal 6, Que.  
A. Brown—225 South Lafayette Boulevard, South Bend,  
Indiana, U.S.A.

V. Buchanan—650 Grosvenor Avenue, Westmount, Que.  
S. Butterworth—706 Upper Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, Que.

E. Cadman—544 Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, Que.  
M. Calam—Apt. 207, 509 W-121st Street, New York City,  
New York, U.S.A.

G. Call—Box 238, Knowlton, Que.  
B. Campbell—3660 The Boulevard, Westmount, Que.

B. Carnon—321 Chaplin Crescent, Apartment 610, Forest  
Hill, Toronto, Ont.

- N. Carter—3555 Atwater Avenue, Apartment 214, Montreal 25, Que.
- S. Clark—3009 Barat Road, Montreal 6, Que.
- T. Cochand—Ste. Marguerite Station, Que.
- K. Collier—"Vista Hermosa," Longford Road, Warwick, Bermuda
- M. Conduit—281 Bessborough Drive, Toronto, Ont.
- N. Cook—11117, Waycroft Way, Rockville, Maryland, U.S.A.
- M. Cox—3330 Lajoie, Three Rivers, Que.
- D. Crause—3130 Levesque Boulevard, Apartment 1710, Chomedey, Que.
- M. Cressy—Box 359, Buckingham, Que.
- E. Davis—Shore Drive, Bedford, N.S.
- J. Darricades—262 Westminster Avenue N., Montreal West, Que.
- P. Dean—370 Russell Hill Road, Toronto 7, Ont.
- M. DesGrosselières—3493 Grey Avenue, Montreal, Que.
- C. Dunlop—270 Berlinguet Terrace, Three Rivers, Que.
- D. Ellson—Tandalee Farm, Knowlton, Que.
- T. Ellson—Tandalee Farm, Knowlton, Que.
- A. Esdaile—49 Glengowen Road, Toronto, Ont.
- R. Fowler—36 Summit Circle, Westmount, Que.
- J. Fuller—17 Park Avenue, Lennoxville, Que.
- V. Fuller—17 Park Avenue, Lennoxville, Que.
- C. Gerstenhaber—7 Avenue 14-20, Zone 9, Guatemala City, Guatemala, C.A.
- C. Gilbride—16 Glen Edyth Place, Toronto 17, Ont.
- S. Gladstone—58 White Pine Drive, Beaconsfield, Que.
- M. Graham—1545 McGregor Avenue, Apartment 3, Montreal 25, Que.
- P. Grey—Casilla 96D, Santiago, Chile.
- M. Griffin—17 Whitney Avenue, Toronto, Ont.
- V. Griffin—17 Whitney Avenue, Toronto, Ont.
- R. Halpern—74 McRider Avenue, Montreal 28, Que.
- K. Harpur—3499 Grey Avenue, Montreal 28, Que.
- C. Hay—Hawthorne Farms, Prescott, Ont.
- P. Hay—Hawthorne Farms, Prescott, Ont.
- G. Hoerig—2380 MacNeil Road, Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
- J. Holton—3318 Guelph Line, Burlington, Ont.
- W. Honey—Box 100, Abbotsford, Que.
- D. Hornig—R.R. No. 1, Austin, Que.
- W. Hughson—560 - 3rd Street S., Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, U.S.A.
- M. Hunter—251 Warren Road, Toronto 7, Ont.
- N. Jaquith—65 Garden Street, Milton, Mass., U.S.A.
- M. Jervis-Read—54 Cutting Street, Coaticook, Que.
- M. Jervis-Read—54 Cutting Street, Coaticook, Que.
- S. Jervis-Read—54 Cutting Street, Coaticook, Que.
- B. Johnston—301 Palm Trail, Delray Beach, Florida, U.S.A.
- E. Johnston—301 Palm Trail, Delray Beach, Florida, U.S.A.
- S. Kaneb—220 Stanstead Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
- N. Keyes—R.R. No. 2, Merivale Road, Ottawa, Ont.
- B. Kirby—1309 Champlain Towers, 200 Rideau Terrace, Ottawa, Ont.
- E. Kredl—281 Winters Drive, Baie d'Urfee, Que.
- R. Kunkle—Windham Hill, South Windham, Maine, U.S.A.
- M. Lang—482 Roslyn Avenue, Montreal 6, Que.
- D. Laurie—4039 Grand Boulevard, Montreal 28, Que.
- C. Levesque—1115 Sherbrooke Street West, Apartment 2103, Montreal, Que.
- C. Lewis—3055 Sherbrooke Street West., Apartment 35, Westmount, Que.
- B. Lloyd—P.O. Box 360, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
- A. MacCulloch—Oakwood, Bedford, N.S.
- C. Macdonald—750 Buck Street, Sherbrooke, Que.
- R. MacDuff—P.O. Box 141, Hudson Heights, Que.
- M. Magee—500 Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, Que.
- V. Magee—597 Weller Street, Peterborough, Ont.
- L. MacTier—1530 Caledonia Road, Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
- J. Marcuse—20 Hansen Avenue, Beaconsfield, Que.
- R. Marshall—605 Lansdowne Avenue, Westmount, Que.
- D. Massie—11 Dewbourne Avenue, Toronto 10, Ont.
- H. McAlpine—5880 Inglewood Drive, Halifax, N.S.
- M. McFarlane—18 Woodridge Crescent, Beaconsfield, Que.
- H. McGraw—1106 N.W. 5th Avenue, Delray Beach, Florida, U.S.A.
- A. McInnes—5780 Inglis Street, Halifax, N.S.
- J. Meagher—44 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, Que.
- S. Meyers—42 Farnham Crescent, Ottawa 2, Ont.
- S. Modiano—Apartado Aereo 544, Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.
- C. Moffat—4298 Montrose Avenue, Westmount, Que.
- C. Montano—Montano Street, Vista Bella, San Fernando, Trinidad
- P. More—1212 Pine Avenue, Apartment 507, Montreal, Que.
- K. Morris—10 Park Avenue, Oakville, Ont.
- G. Murphy—578 Claremont Avenue, Westmount, Que.
- J. Murray—Apartado 3533, San José, Costa Rica.
- M. Musgrave—26 Doncliffe Drive, Toronto 12, Ont.
- J. Neale—358 Kenaston Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
- E. Nelles—Como, Vaudreuil County, Que.
- S. Newton—189 Howard Avenue, Sherbrooke, Que.
- J. Olivier—c/o Mrs. A. Wark, 171 Quebec St., Sherbrooke, Que.
- T. Orlandini—Mole Hill Farm, Eliot, Maine, U.S.A.
- V. Oscarsson—Steepways Farm, Mount Holly Road, Katonah, New York, U.S.A.
- K. Oughtred—425 Notre Dame South, Thetford Mines, Que.
- E. Paddon—North West River, Labrador, Nfld.
- J. Parke—192 Governor's Road, Dundas, Ont.
- C. Parker—7 Redstone Lane, Marblehead, Mass., U.S.A.
- M. Paterson—1735 McGregor Avenue, Fort William, Ont.
- J. Paton—350 Stanstead Avenue, Montreal 16, Que.
- J. Patton—Carberry Hill, Warwick Parish, Bermuda
- A. Perley-Robertson—80 Juliana Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
- M. S. Philpott—4 Decasson Road, Westmount, Que.
- B. Pidcock—3489 Atwater Avenue, Apartment 2, Montreal, Que.
- A. Pinckard—Dwight, Ont.
- P. Porteous—90 Fernlea Crescent, Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
- C. Porter—Fitch Bay, Que.
- A. Ramsden—Harewood Village, R.R. No. 3, Collins Bay, Ont.
- J. Rankin—15 Church Hill, Westmount, Que.
- M. Raymond—13 North Augusta Road, Brockville, Ont.
- D. Rea—3555 Cote des Neiges, Apartment 1814, Montreal 25, Que.
- P. Roberts—The Rectory, Compton, Que.
- P. Rosenthal—230 Park Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa 2, Ont.
- S. Rothschild—1312 Dominion Avenue, Sherbrooke, Que.
- C. Ruben—Apartado Aero 50-70, Bogota, Colombia, S.A.
- S. Saunders—101 Park Boulevard, Winnipeg, Man.
- F. Sawdon—14 Sutton Place South, New York 19, New York, U.S.A.
- L. Setlakwe—633 Notre Dame Street, Thetford Mines, Que.
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- B. Skelton—280 Roland Street, Rosemere, Que.
- F. Smith—5758 Inglis Street, Halifax, N.S.
- J. Smith—1011 North Swinton Street, Delray Beach, Florida, U.S.A.
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- G. Vernon—National Defence College, Kingston, Ont.
- J. Waddell—14 Highland Avenue, Toronto 5, Ont.
- K. Westhoff—Apartado 846, Maracaibo, Venezuela, S.A.
- M. Wilson—Ridge Road, Hudson Heights, Que.
- K. Winsor—4451 Western Avenue, Westmount, Que.
- S. Wotherspoon—5 Whitney Avenue, Toronto 5, Ont.



## Autographs

